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ALAN FITZ-OSBORNE,

HISTORICAL TALE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CONTINUED.

THE confusion of Amana subsided; she regarded me with a look of complacency and firmness. "Thou mayest rather," said she in a frank tone, "despise my lightness than condemn my rigour. Stay," said she, (seeing me about to interrupt her) "I know myself undeserving of disdain, and therefore I fear it not. In proving thy faith I satisfy my pride; and if thou comest unhurt from the trial,

Amana can give thee her favour without dishonour, and without a blush."

"Say only, dear lady," continued I, "that thy wishes go with me." "Thou art too importunate," replied Amana, covering her face with her hand. "One word only to soften the pangs of absence." "I confess then," said she, turning her head a little, "that if thou failest, Amana will not be too happy."

"Enough, dear lady—that transporting hint shall be as an amulet to preserve my fidelity—Farewell—may the blessed hosts of saints and angels, guard and watch over thee until I behold thee again." I arose, pressed her snowy hand, no more reluctant to my lips, and quitted her presence.

I then gave orders to my servants to prepare for our departure. All things were quickly ready, and I went in search of my confidante. "Dear Catherine," said I, "to thee I commit the trust of my love
—repre-

—represent it incessantly to Amana—suffer her not to forget me—keep off all intruding suitors—let them not deprive me of the prize of constancy.” “Beware of suspicion,” replied Catherine, “assure thyself of my care, and Amana’s truth.” We separated—I departed instantly from the castle of Glencairn; and though some regret found place amongst my sensations, they were far from being painful or unpleasant.

Instead of returning immediately to my own country, I visited the court of Edinburgh. My name was neither unknown nor obscure; and the length of my sojourn at the castle of Glencairn had rendered the cause suspected: every one hailed me as the chosen servant of Amana. Though I gloried in my love, I respected her reputation, and sought to stifle those reports in their birth. But fame, ever communicative and busy, carried them even to the ear of the Scottish Monarch.

He condescended to congratulate me on my approaching good fortune, and to felicitate himself on acquiring half the fealty of Montmorency.

Not content with this goodness, he would even order gallant shews for my entertainment—feasts, balls and tournaments took place.

I entered the lists, bearing a shield, with the device of an armed warrior, holding a flaming heart, and underneath was written the motto of——“By this I conquer!”

The chief of Montrose offered himself as my first antagonist. Before we turned our horses for the encounter, he whispered in my ear, “remember we fight for Amana!” “Be it so,” cried I, joyfully, “let us see who is most deserving of her smiles.”

We had time for no more—the trumpet sounded a charge—we rushed against each other with a rude shock which unfixed

fixed us both in our saddles. We recovered ourselves—we darted our lances—that of Montrose broke into a thousand pieces against my shield. At the same instant pursuing my advantage, I unhorsed him. The Spectators set up loud shouts, and the judges of the field declared me victor.

My adversary, burning with rage and shame, started up and drew his sword. “If thou art a man!” said he, “let us meet hand to hand—let us condemn this play of infants, and end our combat as becomes knighthood.” “I accept thy offer,” said I, leaping off my horse, and drawing my sword also.

The judges interposed, and would have prevented us; but I, running towards the King, and bending one knee, besought him to suffer us to engage.

“Valiant Montmorency,” cried he, “I prize thy life, yet will I not refuse thy request. Montrose deserves chastise-

ment for being the aggressor. Go—and conquer.”

I bowed, and returned to my adversary. “Well,” cried he (mistaking the cause of my retreat), “has thy request speeded?—Have thy fears prevailed?” “Let this speak for me,” said I, putting myself in a posture of defence.

The judges retired. We began our encounter. Montrose, eager for my life, was thrown off his guard by fury. He laid himself open to my strokes, and thought not of defence. In the heat of the fight his foot slipped, and he fell backward. I turned the point of my sword to the earth, and assisted him to rise.

“Thou art a generous enemy,” said he, “but thus I thank thee.” So saying he rushed upon me with fresh rage.

I was now equally inflamed with himself—We closed. At the moment he thought to have pierced my bosom, I wrested

wrested the weapon from his hand!—

"My life is at thy disposal," said he, in a tone of confusion; "I scorn to exe-

cute thy vengeance!" "Thou knowest

not Montmorency," cried I, delivering

him his sword. "Come—if thy anger

is not yet glutted, let us engage again."

"Never!—never!" exclaimed he, let-

ting the weapon drop!—"Valorous

knight! thou hast conquered the soul of

Montrose. Wilt thou accept his friend-

ship as readily as thou didst his defi-

ance?"

He opened his arms; I rushed into

them; we embraced. The spectators re-

peated their shouts. "Thou only art

worthy of Amiana," said he, in a low

voice; "accursed be he who presumes

to interrupt your loves!"

The monarch commanded us to ap-

proach; we obeyed, and prostrated our-

selves before him. "Gallant men,"

cried he, "ye have equally manifested

your valour and your generosity. Thou, Montmorency, art a true knight, and Montrose falls not far below thee.—

Arise, and receive the rewards of your bravery.”

We arose. He pointed his finger to a fair troop of ladies, who were seated beside the lists. Two of the most eminent for rank and beauty bound wreaths of laurel around our brows. We kissed their hands, and were about to retire, when she who had crowned me took an embroidered scarf from her shoulders, and threw it over my arm.

“Brave knight,” cried she, “wear this, though Amana possess thy thoughts.” That sound, and the action of her who spoke, made me regard her with more attention than before.

She was young, and of an extraordinary beauty. But that beauty had not the modest sweetness of Amana; it was bold and assuming. She bore my glances with

with an unblushing aspect, and seemed to accept them as a just homage to her charms. Her assured air disgusted me, but I concealed my dislike under an appearance of respect, and making a low obeisance retired.

The tournament continued some hours, and was concluded by a feast, at which all the principal nobles and ladies of the court assisted. I found her whom I have mentioned to be the daughter of Lord Ruthven, who had fallen in the same engagement which had brought me acquainted with Amana. Sole Heiress of his extensive possessions, and uncontrolled by any other guide than her own will, prosperity had corrupted her manners and her heart.

The King obliged me to sit near him. He looked at this lady and at the scarf—
“Ah!” said he, in a low voice, “I fear the sister of Malcolm is forgotten.” The supposition stung my soul; I was tempted

to tear off the scarf, and fling it from me with contempt. But reason came to my aid, and restrained me from an act so rude and slighting. I determined however to wear this suspected ornament no more.

Next day I appeared without it. The King observed me. "Thou art still constant," said he, smiling. I bowed. Nothing farther passed at that time.

I continued a month at Edinburgh, and then thought of returning to England. I took leave of the King, and my friends, among whom Montrose was chief. The evening before my departure, a page put the following billet into my hands:

"Montmorency, thou art believed;
"brave and resolute. Prove thyself both,
"by following the bearer of this where-
"ever he shall conduct thee."

I considered for a moment, and my resolution was taken. "Lead on," said

I to

to the page, "Montmorency is incapable of fear."

"There is no cause to fear," was the reply. He turned his steps, I followed. We passed through various windings, and at length came to the gate of a magnificent house. My conductor went in. I accompanied him. We entered a sumptuous apartment, and he left me.

In a few minutes a lady appeared, covered with a long veil. Before I had time to express my astonishment, she raised the veil, and increased it. It was the daughter of Ruthven!

"Thou art surprized," said she, "and perhaps wilt be more so at my discourse. But if thy soul be truly noble, thou wilt esteem me for despising the little arts of my sex, and admire that frankness, which, scorning disguise and affectation, reveals the feelings of my heart."

She held out her hand; mine met it not. I turned from her. "Englishman,"

man," cried she, "assume not this air of haughtiness 'till thou hast heard me."

I felt confused—"Perhaps," said I to myself, "my own vanity has led me into a mistake of her meaning."—That thought contributed to alter my behaviour. "Lady," said I, approaching her, "I pray thee pardon my rudeness—

I attend thy commands." "Alas!" replied she, in a softer tone, "mine are requests—not commands." She seated herself, and obliged me to follow her example. My doubts returned. She attempted to put on a look of modesty, but her features would not allow it.

"I mean," said she, "to acquaint thee with a secret that concerns my peace. Thou wilt wonder that to thee, a stranger, I intrust it: but it is from thee alone I expect assistance and redress." My doubts vanished once more.

"I love," continued she, "I love an insensible, an ingrate. But stay, perhaps

"Haps I accuse him without reason—perhaps he knows not the passion with which he has inspired me.—Ah! if ignorance alone——"

She paused, but finding I continued silent, went on.

"Thou shalt plead for me, noble Montmorency. He is thy friend. Tell him—O tell him!—that my peace, my happiness depends on his sensibility—that the first moment I beheld him kindled such a flame in my breast, as even his coldness cannot extinguish—that I die if he is unkind, and will feel more than mortal felicity if he returns my love.

Awake his compassion; represent to him my torments; paint them as exquisite, inexpressible: thou needest not fear being too extravagant in thy colouring——

Call interest too to thy aid. Thou mayest tell him that the daughter of Ruthven is not to be despised—that her wealth is almost inexhaustible, her rank illustrious.

Heaven

Heaven has endowed her too with a moderate share of beauty. Of that say nothing; he has already seen it—he can judge."

"And to whom," said I, "am I to make this communication? Is it to Montrose?" "O, no—to a much nearer friend." "Good God!" exclaimed I, "sure thou canst not mean Fitz Osborne!" "I know him not," answered the daughter of Ruthven.

"And yet I have no nearer friend," said I, perplexed.—"Ah! insulting blindness!" exclaimed she, "learn then to whom thou must plead—Not to Montrose—not to Fitz Osborne—not to any other but Montmorency."

I started suddenly from my seat—"Proud Englishman," cried she, "dost thou scorn me?" "No, lady," replied I, "far from scorning, I render thee my thanks for a goodness unmerited and undeserved. But I can no more. Another

is already mistress of my soul. To her my vows are paid, and I cannot retract them."

"Amana—the prudish, the unfeeling Amana! canst thou prefer her to the daughter of Ruthven?" said she, haughtily. "Yes, thou dost choose her severity, rather than my love! Capricious!—ungrateful!" "Go," continued she, "go, crouch at the feet of Amana—deprecate her disdain. Go—thou dost not indeed merit my affection; but thou hast well deserved my hate. Begone!—and dread its effects!"

I bowed—I advanced to the gate, and opened it immediately. A few moments carried me back to my lodgings. I entered them triumphantly. "I have sacrificed at the shrine of constancy!" said I, in a joyful tone. The reflection delighted me. Amana was present to my mind. I thought I heard her applaud the fidelity of her knight. I painted to my self

myself the chaste reservedness of her deportment: I compared it with the boldness of Lady Ruthven. My heart found no similitude between them. One excited my admiration, the other my disgust.

Next morn I quitted Edinburgh with my retinue. On arriving in England, I flew to Fitz-Osborne, and acquainted him with the progress of my love. He participated in my satisfaction, and encouraged my hopes. After spending some weeks in the sweets of unreserved friendship, I repaired to my own habitation. I was welcomed by my vassals with sincere demonstrations of affection. To thy fire I owed this affection: he had taught me to conciliate it, by kindness and beneficence.

My Emma was not forgotten. I visited the monastery, and beheld her more blooming and more lovely than before. Nor was her mind less charming than her person.

son. It was ingenuous, artless and unsuspecting: a graceful and captivating simplicity, the offspring of innocent and modest worth, accompanied all her motions.

I resolved to wear out the time of my probation in the society of this dear sister, but my determination was changed by an incident, at once unexpected and delightful.

In returning one day from the cloyster, a domestic gave me the following billet:

“Amana is not unacquainted with thy
“gallantry, or thy generosity; she has
“heard of Montrose, and the daughter
“of Ruthven; her heart approves and
“thanks thee. But thou must quit idleness and obscurity; where there is no
“temptation, there can be no resistance.
“Hie thee to court, expose thyself to
“the attractions of its beauties, see if
“thou

"thou canst view them with a steady
"eye, and an unhaken soul. Go and
"prosper—be resolute—be constant, and
"thy reward is certain."

I perused this paper several times, before my transports would suffer me to inquire how it came. At length I acquired composure enough to do so, and my domestic replied, that a page in a Scottish habit, mounted on a fleet courser, had given him the billet, and as soon as he had performed that office, had rushed away with the speed of the wind. I instantly dispatched messengers in quest of this page. They returned unsuccessful; he had left no trace of his course.

"It is no matter," said I, "Amana has commanded—It remains only for her servant to obey. Yes, he will court temptation; he will brave the fiery ordeal, and come off unhurt; the idea of Amana shall be his protection—his shield, and his defence."

I hasten-

I hastened to court; I beheld its brightest fair ones, and still continued constant to my first enslaver.

Walter Fitz-Osborne was then high in favour with the King; as the brother of thy sire, I could have loved him, but his behaviour precluded even esteem. Ambitious and designing, he united the meanness of a parasite with the insolence of pride; yet thy sire held him next his heart. I mourned his infatuation, but could not prevent it at less than the price of our friendship. Strange! that though possessing every virtue himself, he could not perceive the deficiency in Walter. But why do I say strange? Noble minds are ever the least suspicious, and the most liable to imposition from the unworthy and the artful.

I was soon enabled to give a fresh proof of my faith to Amana. The daughter of the Earl of Chester beheld me with favourable eyes. Her sire offered her to
me

me in marriage, with a considerable portion. She was young, fair and gentle; but I rejected her.

My year was now nearly concluded, and I looked forward to my approaching happiness with joyful expectation—it terminated. I returned to my castle, took a hasty leave of Emma, and set off for Scotland.

How shall I describe my sensations, my transports on beholding again the mansion of Glencairn! Near thirty years of bitter pain and remorse have not obliterated them from my memory. If they were then exquisite, how were they increased by the sight of Amana! no longer cool or reserved, but blushing, kind, acknowledging.

Why should I dwell on a scene, the recollection of which renders my present misery more intolerable! We were united in the presence of her friends and kinsmen. The Scottish King desired

fired, to become a spectator of our felicity, and we repaired to Edinburgh, in pursuance of his invitation. That monarch solemnized our arrival with various sports and entertainments. My Amana was the delight and admiration of all who beheld her: she was my treasure and my happiness—the solace of my life—the supreme good of my existence.

Lady Ruthven had left the city on the first intelligence of our nuptials: I rejoiced at her absence, and my compassionate Amana sighed for the cause. The only bar to my happiness was the disappointment of Montrose, and the pangs I judged he felt in consequence.

He removed this bar. He desired me to introduce him to the presence of my wife, and to see by his behaviour, whether friendship had conquered love. I complied. He addressed Amana with a free and disengaged aspect.

“ Beau-

"Beauteous lady," said he, "thou hast chosen well. In preferring Montmorency to Montrose, thou hast proved thy discernment. The rejected repines not—he approves thy judgment, and applauds thy choice—Ye are worthy of each other. May the curse of Heaven pursue that daring person, who shall attempt to interrupt your loves! For Montrose, he will not cease to consider your felicity as his own, and to pray for its duration."

Amana bowed and smiled.

"Generous friend!" exclaimed I, "hear too the words of Montmorency. May that moment which impairs his confidence in thee, be the last of his happiness!—May that Heaven which thou namest, punish his doubts with misery most acute!"

My wife shuddered: a tear trickled from her eye; it was the fatal presage of misfortune. I heeded it not then, save as it afflicted her.

"Soul

"Soul of my life!" cried I tenderly, "Why art thou disturbed? the imprecation is impotent, if I incur it not, and of that I am well assured; banish then these clouds of sorrow from thy brow—smile as thou wert wont upon thy Montmorency." Amana brightened; she forgot the imprecation, and I was happy.

Montrose saw us every day while we continued in Edinburgh: he was the partner of all our pleasures, and the confidant of all our thoughts.

It was at length time to depart. I was eager to present a sister to my Emma, and a mistress to my vassals. The King gave us new marks of his goodness on our taking leave. After obliging my wife to accept many costly presents, he desired her not to forget she was yet a Scottish subject.

"Thou goest," cried he, "to acquire new friends, but be not unmindful of those thou quittest. Love thy spouse,

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but

but forget not thy father, and thy King !” He extended his hand ; Amana kissed it respectfully.

“ Montmorency,” resumed the monarch, “ cherish thy spouse, and preserve some remembrance of Scotland. Thou must do more—thou must visit us frequently, for art thou not already half a Scot ?”

I bowed, and assured him of compliance. We retired, and prepared for our departure. Montrose seemed strongly affected. He pressed my hand frequently, and bade me adieu with a faltering voice.

Behold me now on my return to England. We crossed the Tweed, and Amana soon lost sight of her native hills.

I pointed out to her observation the fertility of the country through which we passed. She sighed. I enquired from whence proceeded that sigh.

“ Pardon me, beloved spouse,” she replied, “ I confess, these plains, smiling

ing with plenty, form a sensible contrast to the rude and undecorated appearance of my native mountains: yet, though nature seems there to threaten, not invite, she still has charms: her wildness pleases while it terrifies. These enamelled fields, this luxuriant corn, this assemblage of peaceful beauties, strike not the soul of Amana with the same sensations of wonder and delight, as the brown heath, which, agitated by the breath of Heaven, waves redundant on the highland's brow; as the tall fir which lifts its piny verdure to the clouds, and seems to mock the rage of rushing tempests."

"Amana then regrets these scenes?" said I, in a tone of concern. "Ah! dear spouse," replied she, "but I will cease to regret them, for have I not Montmorency?" I pressed her to my bosom, and all was peace again.

In approaching the mansion of my ancestors, we were saluted by the joyful

shouts of my vassals; who, clad in their best attire, had come to welcome their new mistress to her dwelling. Amana was pleased: she seemed to forget Scotland from that moment, and to center all her happiness in home.

I brought Emma from the monastery. I introduced those persons so dear to me to each other. A strict affection commenced between them. Amana regarded Emma with a maternal tenderness, and my sister's love for Amana was mingled with reverence and respect.

Our days rolled on in a serene felicity, 'till my Amana presented me with a pledge of our union. We had scarce rejoiced for its birth, when we mourned its loss; two days after it beheld the light, it expired, and my wife and I experienced the pangs of parental sorrow.

Fitz-Osborne, who was to have been sponsor to my boy, hastened to us, joined in our grief, and consoled it by participation.

cipation. Three years passed away, and in that interval two more boys were born to me, who shared the destiny of the first.

The frequency of these events, accustomed me to bear them with resignation. I blessed Heaven for leaving me Amana. But her health wasted insensibly. I was alarmed: I recollected my promise to the Scottish King, and hoping a change of scene might amuse her grief, took her and Emma to Edinburgh.

Montrose welcomed me with open arms. He sympathized in my concern for Amana, not with the fervour of a lover, but with the sincerity of a friend. His society became necessary to my happiness. I entreated him to bear me company to England. He assented, but we continued two months longer in Scotland. We visited my wife's estates, cheered the hearts of her vassals, and returned to the capital.

Lady Ruthven had arrived there during our absence. I knew not of this circumstance till I beheld her at court. She answered the cold salute I made with a frown, and a look of scorn. My wife next attracted her notice, and her frowns redoubled. The gentle Amana shrunk from her scrutinizing regards; she caught my arm, "Montmorency," cried she, "let us avoid that woman—she shocks, she terrifies me."

The daughter of Ruthven observed her action, and assumed a malicious smile. Nothing farther occurred at this interview, and we had several more resembling it. One night we attended at a feast in the palace. My wife, Emma, and Montrose were separated from me by the throng: as I advanced to seek them, I felt some person pull me. I turned; it was Lady Ruthven! Surprise rendered me immovable. I attempted not to break from her.

"Mont-

"Montmorency," cried she, with a softened aspect and tender voice, "hast thou ceased to be cruel?—wilt thou listen to the unfortunate daughter of Ruthven?—thou mayest—she will not be importunate—thy sensibility would now be nothing to her—but Oh!—she cannot support thy aversion!"

"Lady," replied I calmly, "recollect what thou owest to thyself, and to honour."

"Ah I unkind and ungrateful!" cried she, "and to whom do I owe the forgetfulness of my duties, but to thee? Hadst thou never visited Scotland, my heart had remained unsubdued, and my reputation unblemished; but now the despair that possesses the first, renders me careless of the last. Yes, cruel, I despise the censure of the world; I condemn its applause!—fame, honour, praise, are valueless to me, since I have failed to gain thy affection—since I have met thy hatred!"

"Lady," said I, penetrated with compassion, "Montmorency is not base; he cannot hate thee; he is grateful for thy favour, and anxious for thy repose."

"O Heaven! do I hear aright?" exclaimed she, with sparkling eyes, "art thou grateful—art thou interested in my repose?—Ah! Montmorency, delude me not—let not thy pity induce thee to sooth me with deceitful hopes."

She paused; she regarded me with a languishing air—she put her white hand on mine, and I felt it tremble. My good angel presented to me that moment the idea of Amana. I drew my hand away, and suffered hers to drop.

Her looks became confused, but it was the confusion of pride, not modesty. "Too just were my apprehensions," said she, recovering herself, "too vain my hopes!—thy heart, flinty and obdurate to me, beats only for Amana."

"Lady," said I, willing to conclude the conference, "we are observed.—"

Slander

Slander has many tongues—let us avoid her calumnies.”

“Thou wouldst leave me?”—cried she, haughtily; “thou wouldst leave me for this idol—this wife—perhaps thou dreatest her resentment?—Alas! poor wretch, art thou the slave of domestic tyranny?”

The taunt moved my mirth: I smiled.

“Tis well!” resumed she, “I am become too the object of thy ridicule! But beware that thou *don't* not shortly incur the scorn of the world! Thou art a tame husband—thou art a convenient one too—Amaria thanks thee—she is condescending, and Montrose is grateful.” I started. “Go,” continued she, “return to thy kind friend—to thy faithful wife.”

Her eyes beamed with a malicious joy. I was undeceived; I saw that her words were the off-spring of disappointment and revenge. That conviction made me

break from her with disdain, and I joined my wife that instant.

Amana had observed my conversation with Lady Ruthven. Her features were expressive of concern, but it vanished at my approach. Her rival appeared no more that night; she had quitted the palace upon my leaving her.

Though my reason gave no credit to her insinuation, yet it took an involuntary hold of my thoughts. I watched Montrose narrowly, without meaning to do so, but could discern no cause for suspicion in his deportment. Far from being assiduous about my wife, he attached himself solely to Emma. I perceived that she listened to his discourse, not merely with attention, but with pleasure.

I lost my anxiety. I determined to cultivate this growing affection, and fancied that in that purpose, I consulted only the happiness of Emma and Montrose.

rose. Alas! my motives were not so pure—they were tinged with a rising jealousy—the bane of my future peace—the spring of my crimes—the direful cause of my remorse!

Willing to avoid any further interviews with Lady Ruthven, and finding the purpose of my journey answered, in Anna's returning health, I determined to depart from Scotland without delay. Montrose held his resolution to accompany me to England. The innocent Emma could not conceal her delight at this resolution; my wife was pleased, and I seemed so, but her pleasure destroyed my satisfaction.

Spite of myself, I began to treat Montrose with coolness and reserve. Sensible of no change in his own mind, he perceived not mine immediately. It soon became too evident to escape his notice; he expostulated with me on the apparent decline of my friendship, and I appeared

—and I felt that I had been hurt.

hurt by the charge. To remove his suspicions, I concealed my own; I even affected to esteem him more than ever. But my expressions were accompanied with an air of contempt which contradicted their tenor.

Montrose perceived it, but mistook the cause. He seemed to consider my behaviour as the effect of caprice and fickleness. This idea concerned him at first, and then insensibly weakened his attachment towards me.

Notwithstanding the mutual distrust which possessed us, we did not separate. We quitted Edinaburgh, and reached my castle in a few days.

Amana, now wholly restored to health, resumed the natural bent of her disposition, which was gay and cheerful. She uttered a thousand playful fallies of innocent mirth. She formed various plans for our amusement.

Her solicitude displeased me—"It is for Montrose," said I to myself. I condemned

demned the thought, but could not lose it. Fitz-Osborne soon added one more to our society—Ashamed of my sensations, and afraid of his discernment, I concealed them more carefully than ever. He was deceived—he congratulated me on a happiness I felt not. Pleasure seemed to pervade my dwelling—every thing smiled—all were at peace—but Montmorency.

Fitz-Osborne was called away by the illness of his sire. His absence, far from grieving me, seemed to remove a weight from my heart—I thought constraint less necessary when exempt from his observation. Again did care cloud my countenance—again did the gloom of suspicion resume its place on my brow. Amana perceived my disquietude—ignorant from whence it proceeded, her endeavours to allay it produced a contrary effect.

All things conspired for my guilt and her destruction. Montrose, at that time,
lost

lost all his chearfulness. Melancholy and absent, he entered no more into sprightly discourses, but spent most of his hours in solitude. My wife accused him of inattention to her and Emma—she would rally him in sport, and say he lamented some fair Scottish lady, to whom he had given his vows.

This ridicule appeared to hurt my sister. She would watch the countenance of Montrose—if he sighed, she answered that sigh with another—if he quitted the apartment, she would follow him with her eyes, and then sink into a deep and painful reverie.

I measured all these circumstances by the line of my jealous fancy. "IF Montrose loved Emma," said I, "why should he not declare his passion without fear?—that she loves him, is as evident as her unhappiness—and from whence should this unhappiness arise, but from his neglect?"

That:

That idea led to another, which was always present to my mind, though I sought to stifle it.

"Ah!" resumed I, "it is most certain that he loves, and that my sister is not the object—what other then—if Amana—"

I shuddered—I attempted to fly from my own thoughts—it was not possible. I now treated Montrose, not merely with coldness, but a strong marked aversion. His melancholy redoubled, but he spoke not of returning to Scotland.

Some words that escaped one day from Amana, encreased my torments. I had answered rudely to a question that Montrose had asked me, and he left the apartment where we were, abruptly.

"Dear spouse," said Amana, throwing her arms around me, "from whence proceeds this change in thy sentiments and conduct? Montrose once possessed thy esteem; how has he lost it?"

"Ha!"

"Ha!" replied I, impetuously, "art thou interested for Montrose?" "My husband!" exclaimed Amana, in an accent of surprise.

I perceived my error; a burning blush dyed my cheek. "Forgive me, dear partner of my life," said I, embracing her, "am I changed?—I knew it not."

A tear started from Amana's eye—I kissed it off. "Indeed thou art changed," said she, in a tone of tender reproof, "once thou wouldst have rejoiced in Amana's smiles—once thou wouldst have listened to her expostulations without anger!"

"And I will do so still," cried I, pressing her to my bosom. She returned my endearments. We continued some time in the sweet transports of forgiving love, and my soul was again at peace.

Short was its duration. Amana seeing my composure, spoke again of Montrose. "He has no longer thy friendship or thy confidence,"

confidence," said she, "were it not better that ye separated?—let him return to his own country, and not by his presence interrupt the happiness of an union of four years."

"And why should his presence interrupt it?" cried I.

"Ah! Montmorency," she resumed, "remember thy imprecation—beware of suspicion and distrust."

I started—she embraced me—I regarded her circling arms as the folds of the serpent. Yet at the same time that my heart recoiled at this mark of her tenderness, I had affected to receive it with transport. To such baseness—such artifice, had jealousy reduced me!

"Why," said I to myself, "why should she caution me against suspicion if she were innocent?—Ah! 'tis too plain!—they love each other—she would lull me to security, by desiring the absence of Montrose."

While

While I thus continued to torment myself, thy sire, by the decease of his father, became Earl of Fitz-Osborne. Filial affection induced him to lament an event, which another, less noble, had regarded with joy. I would have participated in his affliction, but my own engrossed me wholly. He knew not the reason of my neglect, and resented it. I saw him no more—the crisis of my fate approached.

One morning in rising from my couch, I perceived a paper lying upon my pillow. It would have escaped my notice, but that the following direction caught my eye: "To the injured Montmorency." I grasped it in my hand, and passed quickly into the anti-chamber, fearful of awaking Amana.

Great Heaven! what did I feel on perusing its contents? They informed me of what I had before too fatally conjectured. That my wife and Mon-
trose

those entertained an ardent passion for each other—that the melancholy of the latter, his pensiveness, his desire of solitude, were assumed for the purpose of deceiving me, and furthering his interviews with Amana, which were frequent and secret.

While I stood almost deprived of sense, my favourite domestic entered the anti-chamber. At the sight of the paper and my attitude, he trembled, and seemed much agitated.

I perceived these appearances; it struck me, that he was the intelligencer. I advanced suddenly towards the door, barred it, and held out the paper. He dropped on his knees, and manifested all the tokens of terror and consternation.

"Speak," said I, faltering, "art thou the author of this caution?" "My master!"—He paused. "Proceed," cried I, (in a voice half choked with rage) "declare my shame!" "Pardon thy servant,"

vant," he replied, "too much already art thou affected: better it were perhaps, that ignorance——." "Dost thou dally with me?" exclaimed I; "Pursue thy work—this instant speak—declare all thou knowest, or torments shall wrest the secret from thee!"

"Ah! my imprudent zeal," cried he, (assuming a terrified aspect) "to what has it reduced me!"

"By Heaven!" cried I, snatching up a sword, "if thou dost trifle more, this weapon shall be buried in thy heart!"

He arose—"I will satisfy my master," said he, "I was indeed the writer of that paper—fatal since it has thus disturbed thee. Would to God my hand had withered ere——. Spare thy displeasure," continued he, "I will tell thee all."

He then confirmed the contents of the paper, and added many more circumstances, any one of which was enough to agonize my soul.

"Curse

“Curfes blast the wretch!” cried I,
“who has robbed me of my Amana’s
love!—who has violated her innocence!
—May the wrath of Heaven overtake
Montmorency if he punifh not his per-
fidy!”

My domestic interrupted the effufions
of my rage. He befought me to mode-
rate my tranfports, and to follow his
counfel.—He represented to me that
Amana and Montrofe were now too guard-
ed in their conduct to furnifh me with
any proofs of their guilt—that it was bet-
ter to encrease their fecurity, by a feign-
ed compofure, and even to pretend a
vifit to Fitz-Osborne, but ftill continue
concealed in the caftle. The idea of my
abfence, he faid, would render them lefs
careful of hiding their intrigue, and I
might then have both conviction and re-
venge.

Blinded by jealousy I applauded this
counfel, and determined to embrace it.

The

The idea of vengeance inspired me with a horrible joy ; I doubted not whether it was just ; I thought only of executing it. My domestic exacted a promise from me to dissemble 'till he gave the signal.

Seven days did I pass in agonies. During that time I observed, as well as my distraction would allow, that Emma had regained her wonted cheerfulness, and seemed pleased and happy. Montrose appeared too, to have forgot his melancholy in some measure ; Amana smiled ; and all added fresh fuel to my tortures. I imagined they had conspired to deceive my sister ; that thought made me pant anew for the hour of vengeance.

It arrived. My domestic informed me it was now time to visit Fitz-Osborne. I told my purpose to Amana ; she encouraged it. With difficulty could I restrain the rage of my heart. " Yet a little while," said I, " and I shall be satisfied !"

I set

I set off, but returned at midnight — My confederate admitted me unperceived. I concealed myself in an unfrequented chamber, and continued there 'till the ensuing evening. At its close my domestic entered—"Now!" said he, and paused.

It was enough. I grasped my sword, and followed his steps: they led to the chamber of Amana. The door was half open. I beheld Montrose kneeling at her feet. I heard her speak to him in a tender voice; I saw him press her hand to his lips.

Fury possessed me—I rushed in;—I plunged my sword in his breast—He fell back, bereft of life—Amana shrieked.

"Ah! traitress!" cried I, (drawing my weapon from the body of Montrose), "thou shalt die!" I pierced her bosom—O Heaven!—and yet I live!

Youth, thou art struck with horror; yet thou thinkest her guilty. What then wilt

wilt thou feel?—How wilt thou execrate me, when I tell thee, she was innocent, pure and undefiled!

While I hung, already repentant of the stroke, over my bleeding saint, Emma rushed in. She looked at the corse of Montrose—"O God!" cried she wildly, throwing herself on the ground, "O God! my spouse—my betrothed—my beloved!" I started. "It is true," said the dying Amana, "my husband—some horrible mystery has deceived thee." "Ha!" cried I, "say not I am deceived!—Was not Montrose thy paramour?"

"It is now my consolation," replied Amana, "that I have been chaste and faithful, since the first moment our hands were united. If I have strayed from my duty to thee, even in thought, may that Judge before whom I go to appear, punish my falsehood with the sentence of eternal wrath!

"Then I am a wretch for ever?" exclaimed I. "But stay—did I not see him

him at thy feet?—Didst thou not regard him with loving—with luxurious glances?”

“Alas!” said Amana, faintly, “thou sawest through the medium of jealousy. He loved—he was married to Emma; he implored me to intercede——”

She could no more; her voice faltered. The stream of life bubbled from her wound apace. I uttered loud cries; my domestics came running in—“O Heaven! who has done this?” they exclaimed. Stupified with excess of misery, I spoke not.—They surrounded their mistress, attempted to staunch her blood, and bore her to a couch. I flew to this couch; I knelt beside it—“Save her!” cried I, “save her!—and take all the wealth of Montmorency!”

“It is too late,” cried Amana, “I feel the approach of death, but I die satisfied if thou believest me innocent.” She paused—“Look to the forlorn

Emma," added she, in an interrupted voice, "Ah! wretched maid—her peace is gone for ever!"

My sister, insensible to all around her, had continued intranced in sorrow over the body of Montrose. Amana's accents now struck her ear; she raised her head.—"Ah!" cried she, "flows thy blood too, my gentle sister!" She arose, ran towards the couch, and clasped my expiring consort in her arms. "What barbarian—what monster!"—"Thou! see'st him before thee," said I, in a voice of horror.

"Art thou the murderer of Amana, and Montrose?" cried she, wildly, "then take one more victim—thou art not yet glutted with blood!" Quick as thought she flew to the fatal sword, seized it, raised her arm, and struck it with force to her heart. At that instant the spirit of Amana fled, and my senses forsook me.

I was

I was reserved to bear a fresh load of misery and remorse. On awaking from this state my mind was in a chaos of doubt, confusion and grief. My domestics had borne me to a distant apartment. I looked round for the afflicting objects that had last met my sight. "Where is Amana? Where is my sister? Where is Montrose?" cried I.

While I spoke, Catherine rushed into the chamber, with a frantic air.

"Dost thou ask?" cried she, "thou who hast destroyed them? What infernal agent guided thy hand to commit so horrible a deed? Thou hast not only murdered thy wife, thy sister, and thy friend, but thy own offspring—the chaste pledge of connubial love!—thy wife was pregnant!"

Youth, judge of my torments. No, thou canst not—thy soul is free from stain. Excess of agony had given me an appearance of calmness. Catherine mistook it for insensibility.

"What!" she exclaimed, "not one sigh—one tear—one groan? If thy heart is not formed of adamant, I will force it to feel. Know that one day since, thy sister and Montrose were joined in holy nuptial bands."

"Speak that again," cried I, aroused from my stupor.

"My words are true," she resumed; "they were united in the chapel of the monastery. I was their confidante and their witness.—Montrose had observed thy coldness; he imputed it to the discovery of his passion for thy sister. From thence arose his melancholy, and Emma's sorrow. They communicated, at length, to each other their mutual sensations.—Too strongly enamoured for prudence, they resolved to separate no more. My mistress was unacquainted with the secret of their marriage. This night Montrose determined to implore her intercession with thee."

"It

"It is enough," cried I, in a tone of anguish, "I have shed innocent blood. But where is the wretch—the devil who has undone me?"

I named the traitor. My servants flew in search of him. He was yet in the castle; they dragged him trembling from his lurking place, and brought him to my presence.

I had returned to the victims of my revenge, and his treachery. I was employed in mourning over them, in imprecating curses on his head and my own, when the miscreant entered. Fired with rage, I would have torn away his life, but my domestics surrounded and restrained me.

"Traitor!—monster!" exclaimed I, "what has induced thee to urge me to a deed, which has damned my soul?"

"Pardon!—pardon!" said the wretch, dropping on his knees. "Lady Ruthven"—"Ha! what of her?" interrupted

ed I said. "She was the mover of this business; she bribed me to her interest; she commanded me to deceive thee. I obeyed her. Too fatal obedience!—I expected not——"

"Ah! devil!" exclaimed I, foaming. "I will have thee torn piecemeal! Thou shalt expire in tortures, great as thou hast inflicted on my heart!"

My brain sickened; madness seized me; I lost all recollection for several weeks. Kind oblivion! had it continued—but no—I deserved it not. When my senses returned, I learned that my wife, Emma, and Montrose, had been interred in the cemetery of the cloyster; that my deceiver had been punished with death, and my pardon granted by the King.

But I had still an inexorable and unappeasable judge. Conscience suffered me not to rest. I resolved on a most bitter and unceasing penance. I determined to forsake the society of men, and all the indulgencies of life.

"And

And did not my sire forget his repentment?" interrupted Alan. "Did he not fly to alleviate thy affliction; and to alter thy purpose?"

"He was absent on the continent," answered Montmorency. "Ardent for glory, as his own country was at peace, he had fought it in another. The French monarch was then at war with the Count of Brabant. I have learned that thy sire signalized his valour in this war by many noble feats. But, youth, had he been present, he could neither have alleviated my affliction, nor altered my purpose—they were both too just."

I made over my estates in England to the monastery, which contained the remains of those I held most dear. I only required in return, that the holy virgins should sing perpetual requiems for their repose. Amana's possessions I bequeathed to her nearest kinsmen; and then causing a report to be spread of my death, forsook the world for ever.

One domestic only was in the secret of my retreat. By his care I am supplied with just enough of that homely sustenance (thou hast partaken) to lengthen my penance, by supporting my life.

Thirty years of painful existence have I passed in this cell. Every six months I quit it to perform a vow which I swore on the return of my reason, of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, twice each revolving year. Often have I thought of going to the monastery, and as often been deterred, by the dread of offending the shades of those I have injured. Such was my guilt! such is my penitence! Youth, is it too severe? Can it atone for the wild fallies of unbridled passion—for the desperate acts of black revenge?"

Alan could not answer; pity and horror restrained his speech. A Montmorency clasped his hands—he looked up to Heaven. "Eternal Being!"

cried

cried he, "I have insulted thy precepts, I have trampled upon thy laws! And dare I hope for pardon—Oh! no—it is not for crimes like mine—Tortures alone—agonizing tortures—now and hereafter!"

"Insult not the mercy of the Supreme!" interrupted the son of Fitz-Osborne. "Thou hast erred—but His goodness is infinite—Thou art repentant; and thou art forgiven—He has not created to destroy."

"And where, my young mentor," said Montmorency, "hast thou received this confidence?"

"From reason, from that light which Providence has implanted in the breast of man, to guide his thoughts and to regulate his actions. This teaches me to regard the Author of worlds, not as a severe and inexorable tyrant, but as a mild and equitable judge. Not to represent him to myself, as swayed by the

passions and caprices of humanity, but as possessing wisdom, clemency, and justice; the true attributes of Divinity."

"Ah! it is that justice that I dread," said the old man.

"And wilt thou not hope too?" resumed Alan, "Is he not merciful as just? and will not both incline him to pardon the wanderings of a finite being, the creature of his formation?" He is the Father of mankind; he will chasten his children, but he will not destroy them."

"See," continued he, pointing his hand to the azure of the Heavens, "behold that immeasurable expanse, that radiant sun, which fertilizes and enriches the earth—Are these proofs of his power?—They are also proofs of his goodness—of his parental care of the human race—of his love—Confess them—trust in his beneficence, and hope for forgiveness."

"Pious youth," cried Montmorency, "I will hope—the Deity seems to speak from

"From thy lips—I will attend to thy counsel; thou appearest the messenger of peace. I will chase despair from my bosom—I will expect to rejoin my wife, my sister and Montmorency, in the regions of eternal happiness!"

Pleasure sparkled in the eyes of Alan. In consoling Montmorency, he forgot that he himself was persecuted, unfortunate, and a fugitive.

While they conversed, a stranger entered the cell. He seemed about the age of Montmorency, and Time had marked his locks with the same whiteness.

"It is the domestic I spoke of," said the Baron. "Well Geoffry," continued he, "thou bringest my customary allowance?"

"I do," replied the stranger, producing some loaves and fruits.

"Thou must increase and improve it," cried Montmorency, "I have guests, whom I mean to treat with hospitality."

Geoffry

Geoffry looked surprize. "I fear" resumed his master, "thou dost wonder at my cheerfulness;—behold this youth, he has composed my soul."

"May the blessing of Heaven follow him for that good office!" exclaimed Geoffry.

"he is a young adviser."

"And wise as young," answered Montmorency. "But why camest thou so soon? I expected thee not these two days."

"I feared," replied the domestic, "that thou mightest have met some straggling soldiers from the field of battle. I trembled for thy safety."

"Venerable man," said Alan, eagerly, "does Leicester still hold the Prince in durance?" "It is so reported," answered Geoffry, "Eleonora and the Queen—have they escaped his power?" "I know not," returned the old domestic, "this is but the fifth day since the battle, and my station is obscure."

"Thou

"Thou must enquire," said Montmorency, "My guest is interested in the fate of the royal house."

Geoffrey promised to obey. He continued in the cell till evening, and then departed.

Alan would have obliged Montmorency to rest that night upon the rushes.

"No," said the Baron, "thou hast given ease to my mind, but I will not intermit the austerities of my penance. Think them not too severe: custom has inured me to bear them, and I must perform my vow while I have life to do so."

In saying thus, he threw himself upon the stony ground, and Alan finding he could not prevail, betook him to his rusty couch.

The son of Fitz-Osborne spent the night in ruminating on the recital he had heard. He perceived that the old man had fallen into a sound and peaceful sleep, and congratulated himself on being the occasion

occasion of that repose. From thence his thoughts turned to a consideration of his own state. He recollected Gertrude. He examined his heart, and found it felt not the sensations that Montmorency had described. He tried it further; represented her as withdrawing her love from him, and conferring it on another. He dwelt on this idea; it pained him not. He accused himself of insensibility, as if it had been a crime. He would experience all the transports of an ardent passion—it could not be—pity alone, disturbed his tranquility.

“Ah! ungrateful Alan,” said he, “is not Gertrude worthy of thy love?—how has she lavished her affection upon thee?—yet, hold—the daughter of Leicester and the friend of Edward could never be united—such nuptials would be incongruous—monstrous.—Yet thou couldst be unhappy—thou couldst despair—thou couldst weep—Gertrude does so
for

for thee—and thou returnest no more than a cold and insulting compassion?”

His reflexions were interrupted by some exclamations from Montmorency. He listened.

“Amana,” said the old man, “we meet—the Merciful, the Omnipotent has renewed our union!—We will join our orisons—we will laud his power, his glory, and his beneficence!—Hark! these seraphic sounds!—they strike my ravished senses with bliss inexpressible—Montrose, Emma—we will kneel to the throne of grace.”

He stopped. Alan perceived he was under the influence of some delightful vision, and congratulated himself afresh. The satisfaction of conscious goodness, diffused itself in a pleasing serenity through his bosom. He felt the unmixed and exquisite pleasure of giving happiness to another, and praised the Almighty for making him the instrument of Montmorency's peace.

Piety

Piety and virtue ! Such are the thoughts that ye inspire ! Ye live in fraternal concord : favoured is that breast where ye inhabit, and rash the hand that would divide you !

Soon as rising morn darted her grey beams into the cell, Alan and his host arose. They greeted each other with cheerful aspects ; and Montmorency exclaimed, " Blessed be the hour that gave thee to my eyes ! Thou art my healing leach—my physician—my comforter ! "

" Father," answered Alan, " I guess that last night thou didst experience joys of no common tenour."

" True, my son—joys unutterable—unspeakable !—joys that exceeded the measure of my former misery. I will tell thee. Scarce had slumber closed my eyes, when I fancied myself on the brink of a horrid precipice, under which yawned a profound abyss."

Desperation urged me to throw myself forward—I was going to do so, when I felt

felt myself pulled back by a superior force—I turned, full of bitter thoughts against my preserver, and beheld thee.

“Rash youth,” cried I, “what has tempted thee to prevent my purpose?”

While I yet spake, methought thou didst assume the form of one of the children of light—A ray of glory encircled thy head, thy radiant wings shot insufferable splendor, and thy resemblance fled. It was no more Alan, but a celestial Being whom I saw.

Seized with reverential awe, I prostrated myself on the earth, and covered my face.

“Arise,” said the angel, “I go to shew thee from what my care has preserved thee.”

I arose; he pointed to the abyss; it opened, and presented a dreary waste to my eyes. A thick and gloomy mist hung over it. Innumerable spectres glided along, uttering shrieks of woe, and making

making distortions, expressive of agonizing pain—I shrunk with horror from the sight.

“Such had been thy fate,” said the angel, “had I not snatched thee from it. The region thou seest, is allotted for the habitation of those persons who insult the goodness of their Creator, by entertaining doubts of his mercy.”

I shuddered. “Minister of Heaven,” said I, “I perceive that my despair was sinful—I will doubt no more.”

The angel assumed a smile of ineffable benignity. “Look again,” said he. I obeyed.

The precipice, the gulph, the spectres had vanished. A resplendent light had taken place of the gloomy mist, and presented a delightful vision to my enraptured view.

I beheld an extended country, decked with all the luxuriant profusion of adorning nature. It was skirted by lofty mountains,

mountains, crowned with leafy verdure, from whose sides issued translucent and refreshing rills; which wandering through the vale in untaught meanders, at length met to form a glassy lake, whose polished surface reflected the beauties of the surrounding scene. The meadows were attired in never-fading green, and enamelled with flowers. Shrubs of various tinct wooed the sportive zephyrs to exhale their odoriferous scents through the circumambient air: While the winged choristers tuned their little throats, to notes of wild and pleasing harmony.

Bowers of intermingled amaranth and myrtle, were placed along the borders of the lake, and straight troops of celestial inhabitants issued from them, uttering songs of praise. I regarded this scene of felicity with unwearied attention—My heart throbbed—I wished to experience what I saw. “Thy thoughts are revealed to me,” said the angel;

“Fear

"Fear not—Penitence has fitted thee for happiness—follow me."

He shook his glittering pinions. Methought I had wings granted me on the sudden. I followed him; we were instantly in this region of bliss.

My heavenly conductor led me forward: we approached the bowers; we mingled with their inhabitants—I beheld Amana: she was cloathed in flowing robes of snowy whiteness. She rushed towards me; I opened my arms—we embraced! "My spouse," cried she, "we will part no more!" Joy filled my soul, and locked my tongue. She beckoned to the groupe of happy spirits. Montrose and Emma darted from amongst them. Methought I felt a sensation of shame at the sight of my friend; but it soon vanished for pleasure undescribable.

I looked up. The heavens seemed to open—I beheld the glory of the Eternal!

I heard

I heard these words. "Sinner, thou didst repent, and art forgiven." I bowed my head; I called upon Amana to join in orisons of thanksgiving. Immediately a thousand voices exclaimed—"Hosanna to the Highest! on earth peace, and good will towards men!"

At that moment a peal of melodious harmony burst upon my ear, and intranced my senses. Successive glorious visions blest my remaining slumber. I awoke this morn with sensations unknown before.

Montmorency ceased to speak, but his countenance well marked the satisfaction of his mind. Alan participated in it—he would have him regard his vision as a revelation from the Divinity. Both knelt, and offered up the most fervent prayers to the Throne of Grace.

When they had concluded this pious exercise, the old man went out to perform his morning penance, and still prohibited

hibited Alan from attending his steps. He returned with a countenance of serenity, and they spent the remainder of the day in interesting converse.

Geoffry came to them the next. He brought a supply of more delicate provisions, and a peasant's habit for Alan.

The youth clad himself in these rustic habiliments, but the nobleness of his air, and the grace of his motions, ill corresponded with the coarseness of the disguise; he was still the son of Fitz-Osborne.

Montmorency smiled, (he could now smile). "Young friend," said he, "art thou satisfied with the seeming change in thy condition? Confess—does not this lowly apparel disgust thee?"

"Father," replied the youth, with an ingenuous air, "were I capable of such sentiments, my soul had taken a tincture from my habit.—I have pride, but I know not vanity."

"Most

"Most true," resumed the Baron—
"thou art noble throughout. Pardon me
for pretending to doubt of what was be-
fore manifest. I meant only to draw
forth the effusions of a spirit which I
equally admire and approve."

"Sweet is the praise of wisdom,"
cried Alan, "may it fill delight my ear,
and gratify my heart!"

Montmorency looked approbation, and
Geoffrey was charmed. He prolonged
his stay in the cell till the shades of night
warned him to depart, and even then
took his leave with reluctance.

Next day Alan and his host discoursed
of Leicester. The son of Fitz-Osborne
mourned his captive prince, the victim of
filial duty, and that noble's artifice.

"I applaud thy loyalty," said Mont-
morency, and I believe it just. A long
and afflicting solitude has kept me igno-
rant of national occurrences. In my ex-
cursions to the shrine of Saint Thomas,

I have

I have sometimes heard cursory remarks on the weakness of the King, and his vicious indulgence to favourites. But my own sorrow rendered me indifferent to all other things; thy arrival has not only softened that sorrow, but revived the love of my country. I pray thee to inform me of what in the recital of thy life, thou hast already slightly touched on."

Alan obeyed: and though he sought involuntarily to conceal the most glaring foibles of Henry, Montmorency found enough to disapprove and to condemn.

"While I," said he, "was a resident of the court, this monarch gave strong indications of a disposition to those follies and vices, which have disgraced the subsequent part of his reign. His fickle treatment of his best friend, the noble Hubert, had alienated from him the esteem of all worthy persons; but I still hoped that time and experience might fix his fortitude and improve his judgment.

ment. Unhappily for him and his subjects, those expectations have not been answered. Flattery is a baneful mist, which court-sycophants continually raise between the prince and his people: it imposes false appearances on his understanding, renders him blind to their misery, and his own defects.—Habitue makes him enamoured of delusion. He would treat that friendly hand which should attempt to dissipate the cloud, as the destroyer of his happiness. Like a person who, labouring under the influence of lethargic stupidity, is displeased with the benevolent care, which, by arousing his senses, would restore his health. Alas! my son, such is the pitiable state of royalty! [such the state, in the pursuit of which ambition hath deluged the earth in blood! “Would to heaven Montfort heard thee!” interrupted Alan. “And if he did,” replied the Baron, “he would wrest my words

to his own purpose. All men stand high in their own esteem. He would join with me in condemning the infatuation of Henry, while he imagined himself secure from the same error; not remembering that the very desire of usurping the rights of another, would render him unworthy of possessing them."

Thus, in instructive and entertaining discourse, passed their hours, 'till night again summoned them to repose:

The ensuing day brought Gerald. It was noon when he arrived. The son of Fitz-Osborne enquired eagerly for Alice.

"I have seen her," replied his squire; "I found her even diseased with excess of affliction and anxiety. The news of thy welfare hath restored her to health and to peace."

"Thanks, good Gerald!" exclaimed Alan. "May fortune once more grant me to reward thy fidelity!" "I have my best reward in my master's acknowledgment,"

ledgment," replied he. Montmorency would not suffer him to say any more, 'till he had taken some refreshment, and the humanity of Alan respited his curiosity.

The repast over, Gerald began his recital.

"The second day from my setting out," said he, "I reached the estates of Walter. Mindful of the danger of discovery, I avoided my paternal dwelling, and went immediately to the Castle-gate. These weeds gained me ready admittance; I coined a lamentable tale of feigned distress, and implored charity. The domestics gathered round me, some eager to relieve my wants, and others impelled by curiosity alone; I complained of weariness, and entreated a night's lodging. Scarce had the words passed my lips, when the Countess appeared. My auditors seemed fearful of her displeasure, and most of them dispersed. She en-

quired my business, with an unfeeling air.

"Alas, Lady!" said I, "I have no business but to request the succour of the charitable. Where shall I seek for alms but from the prosperous and the wealthy?" "Thou art bold," said she, haughtily; "I believe too thou art an impostor."—She turned, and chid her servants for suffering my entrance.

"Lady, said I, "shut not thine ear to my distress. Remember that Christianity enjoins thee to hear, and to relieve it."

She was enraged; called my importunity presumption, and commanded the domestics to turn me forth. They obeyed, with evident signs of compassion and reluctance. I now seemed extremely faint; laid me down outside the gate, and declared myself unable to move farther. The servants left me, but one of them returned in a short time.

"Poor

"Poor creature," said he, in an accent of pity, "I will not obey the harsh mandate of my parsimonious mistress: Come, I will carry thee to a place of repose and safety."

Assisted by his hand I arose. He conducted me to a remote shed, with which I was well acquainted; it was meant for the purpose of keeping wood. "Rest thee here," said the servant, "and presently I will bring thee some sustenance. Thou needst not fear disturbance. Thou canst remain in this shed to-night, and with to-morrow's dawn pursue thy journey."

"May Heaven reward thee," cried I; "but I would not have my preserver hurt: perhaps thy pity may be discovered and punished. How wilt thou procure me sustenance without incurring suspicion?"

"Fear not," replied he; "I have told Alice of thy misery, and she will assist me to relieve thee secretly."

This was to my wish. "Who is this Alice?" said I, feigning ignorance;—"this humane, this generous Alice? may I not see her?"

"Thou shalt," replied he, "she means to visit thee when the family retire to repose."

"I concealed my satisfaction at this news. He suspected not that I was actuated by more than gratitude. Mindful of his promise, he procured me a plentiful repast; and at the appointed time I saw Alice.

"Where is this unfortunate?" said she, entering. I approached her, and whispered softly in her ear the name of Alan. She started; seemed for some moments lost in wonder, and then addressed the domestic who followed her steps.—

"Return thee," said she, "and keep a watch, while I discourse with this pilgrim." He departed. As soon as he was out of hearing—"Tell me," cried she, "hast

"hast thou any intelligence to impart of him thou namest? My child—the pride of my soul—does he live?—Is he safe?"

"Both,—both!" cried I, resuming my natural voice. She uttered a joyful cry—

"Gerald, is it not?" she exclaimed.

"The same," I replied.

"And why comes not my child?"

said she. Then suddenly correcting herself—"Ah, no!" added she, "let him not come! let him avoid this habitation of falsehood and oppression! But, Gerald, why dost thou not speak? Is he indeed safe, or hast thou only sported with my anxiety?"

I began my relation; she interrupted it with frequent exclamations and enquiries. At length I finished; and she blessed Heaven and Montmorency.

She then gave me a recital of her apprehensions and sorrow, on hearing thou wert taken prisoner. She said they were increased by the behaviour of Walter.

Though of the party of the King, he appeared fearless of Leicester's resentment; and to her questions about thee, answered with an air of mystery and reserve, through which she could discern a secret satisfaction.

"This observation," she continued, "made me fear every thing for the life of my child. Fatal experience has taught me, that his danger is Walter's security. But thanks to the care of the Almighty, that usurper's hopes were groundless, and may they continue so!"

"Montmorency called him usurper too," said I.

"Ah, if that were all—if he were no more than an usurper!" exclaimed Alice. She stopped. "Heed not my words," said she, after a long pause.—"Good Gerald, heed them not; but bear this caution to thy master. Tell him to avoid these baleful walls—vice, treachery, and death, lurk within them!—Once innocence,

cence and peace were their inmates—those days are long since passed—Alas! can they ever return?—Gerald, Bid him not approach the dwelling of deceit and destruction!—let him fly it, as he would the poisonous adder—better that we never meet than that we meet in death!”

“The domestic returned while she spoke. The morning had dawned upon us unperceived, and he came to warn Alice of discovery.” “Remember,” said she, in going from me—I bowed obedience—the domestic loaded my scrip with provision, and I departed.”

Gerald ceased to speak at these words. His discourse had affected Alan with different emotions. While he felt grateful for the affection of his nurse, the mysterious expressions she had uttered, perplexed and concerned him. “Is Walter an usurper?” said he—“and is he more?”

“Time will satisfy thy doubts,” said Montmorency—“for me I have none.”

Do then, my son, attend to the caution of thy faithful nurse, and avoid the castle."

"Shall I waste my youth in obscurity and idleness?" interrupted Alan—He paused—shame dyed his cheek—his heart accused him for wishing to leave Montmorency.

The Baron guessed his thoughts—he hastened to reconcile him to himself—

"Blush not, my son," said he, "I commend thee for preferring activity to indolence. Didst thou entertain contrary sentiments, far from approving, I should despise thee."

The son of Fitz-Osborne lost his confusion. He talked of the Prince, and again lamented his captivity. From lamenting it, he began to form plans for his enlargement. He thought of several, rejected them and embraced them incessantly. The sanguine ardency of youth led him to consider schemes the most imprac-

impetuous, as reasonable and easy. He would travel through the kingdom—he would rekindle the smothered sparks of loyalty in the bosoms of his fellow-subjects—he would persuade them to take up arms, and to execute the deliverance of Edward.

Montmorency admired the enthusiasm of virtuous bravery; it recalled to him the sensations of his youthful days. He caught Alan's hand, and exclaimed—
“so once would I have thought—so would have determined—and so would have imagined my determinations possible!”

This exclamation taught the son of Fitz Osbourne, that his were wild; he sighed at that conviction—reason conquered fancy, and he repined at her dominion—he wished to be still deceived.

One month passed without making any change in his sentiments or situation. During that time, Geoffry had not visited the cell—He came at its conclusion.

“Where

"Where hast thou been so long?" said the Baron. "In London," replied he. His master looked pleased—"Thou bringest us tidings then," said he. Alan waited impatiently for the reply—he held his breath, lest it should interrupt his attention. "I do," said Geoffry, "the Queen and Princess have taken refuge with Lewis of France." "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Alan, in a transport, "they are safe, and Edward will be at ease!"

"The Prince is still confined," continued Geoffry, "and the King and his brother are so too. The bondage of Henry, less strict in appearance than that of the other two, is in reality, more humiliating, and more disgraceful. A weak and pusillanimous spectator of his own degradation, he is carried about from place to place, and obliged to give his name and sanction to acts, the most prejudicial to his own interests, and the most subservient to the designs of his rival."

"And

“ And Leicester ?” said Alan.

“ It is said,” resumed Geoffry, “ that he begins to lay aside the mask of public virtue, as no longer necessary. He has already made large strides to absolute power. The estates of eighteen barons, he has seized as his share of the spoil, gained in the battle of Lewis; and has engrossed to himself the ransom of all the prisoners. The people murmur, but they have forged their own chains, and must submit to wear them.”

Alan sighed. “ Be not concerned,” said Montmorency, “ tyranny, to be fixed, requires to disclose itself insensibly—Montfort has discovered his ambition too soon. He should flatter the people, before he attempted to rule them. By neglecting this maxim, he will destroy his power in its formation. It should seem, he knew not the disposition of the English; that he imagined they detested the person of Henry, and so the tyrant

... were

were changed, were indifferent to the tyranny. But he will find he has deceived himself with vain thoughts. It is true, that in their enthusiasm for liberty, they often mistake the means to insure it—But they will pierce through the delusion—Leicester himself will remove it, to his own destruction—they will burst upon him with the fury of an uncaged lion, more terrible from temporary restraint—they will tear him to pieces, and he will have the reproach of meriting his fate.”

“May the prediction be verified!” said Alan. At that moment something fell from his bosom to the ground. He stooped—it was the bracelet of Gertrude. The accident seemed a reproof for his wish. He took up the bracelet, and exclaimed involuntarily—“But he is the father of Gertrude—the husband of Isabella!”—“And the enemy of Edward, and his country,” said the Baron, with an air of severity.

Alan

Alan hung his head, abashed. The old man saw the confusion of an ingenuous mind; he was hurt at the idea of giving it momentary pain. One word restored the youth to confidence, and they conversed as before.

Another month passed without any incident of consequence occurring. Geoffrey twice visited the cell, with a supply of provisions and necessaries. At the last time of his coming, Montmorency bid him take another journey to the capital.

The length of his absence convinced the inhabitants of the cell of his obedience, and they were not mistaken. He arrived, fraught with new intelligence.

Leicester, besides many other arbitrary acts, had ordained that a council of nine persons should be formed, who were to exercise all executive power; and these to be chosen by three more, namely himself, the bishop of Chichester, his brother, and the Earl of Gloucester.

“ Well,

"Well, and are the murmurs encreased?" said Montmorency.

"They are," replied Geoffry. "It is reported that the French monarch is preparing to reinstate Henry in his dominions; and it is said also, that Leicester fears a combination of all the foreign states against his ill-acquired power."

"Youth," cried Montmorency, turning to Alan, "I charge thee mark my words; the usurper begins to totter already. He will see his error too late; he will wish that his ambition had been more secret; and he will again seek to hide it, by some specious act of pretended patriotism."

The event proved Montmorency's penetration. Leicester, to secure his power, was forced to have recourse to an aid, which of all others he had most reason to dread. This was the body of the people. He had formerly given them a share in the legislation by their representatives,

tatives, the knights of the shire, and he now confirmed it by extending the same privilege to deputies from the boroughs.

At this time, that appointed by Montmorency's vow, for his pilgrimage, arrived. Alan would bear him company, and Geoffry provided him with a habit, similar to his master's. Gerald was to remain in the cell during their absence.

Their journey commenced. They travelled three days, and reached Canterbury the fourth morning. After performing their devotions at the shrine of the saint, Montmorency proposed to return. Alan then discovered the chief purpose for which he had accompanied him.

"What!" cried he, "Edward is in Dover, and shall I not make one attempt to see him?" "It will be hazardous," said the Baron, "and at best, must be unsuccessful."

"No

"No matter," replied Alan eagerly, "I may perhaps behold him through the grates of his prison."

Montmorency shook his head. "Father," said Alan, "I see thou thinkest my purpose wild—but I beseech thee do not prevent it. Thy dissuasions are laws to me—yet I hope thou wilt not——"

"Use any," interrupted the Baron smiling. "Well, my son, thy hope shall be answered. I will be an indulgent father—perhaps, an indiscreet one."

Alan thanked him, with the strongest expressions of gratitude. "I would not, however," he added, "harrass thy age: thou hast already performed a weary journey. Rest here I pray thee, father, 'till my return."

"Thou wouldst be a truant," replied Montmorency, smiling again, "But I will not trust thee from my sight. Youth, I would have thee know, that my limbs, though aged, are fitted for toil and travel equally with thine."

Alan

Alan now declined going, in tenderness to his old friend. Humanity had more weight with him than prudence. Montmorency observed it, and felt his heart cleave to him more than ever. He became now the urger of what before he was desirous to prevent. Alan at length yielded to his intreaties. They proceeded to Dover without delay, and reached it without accident or interruption.

The son of Fitz-Osborne meant to enquire how Edward bore his imprisonment. Montmorency cautioned him against it. "That," said he, "would infallibly subject thee to suspicion, and perhaps discovery. We will go straight to the castle. Thou shalt satisfy thy eyes with beholding the place of his confinement, but I fear me, thou canst do no more."

As they advanced, Alan perceived a soldier, who had been one of those that Leicester appointed to guard him on the
day

day of the battle. He whispered to Montmorency, pulled his pilgrim hat over his face, and both passed the soldier quickly. The old man trembled with apprehension, and his companion sought to reassure him.

They arrived in view of the castle. The Baron approached the centinels, and demanded charity. They entered into discourse with him, while Alan stood a short way behind. They enquired who that youth was. "My son," replied Montmorency. "We travel to perform a vow, and being poor and destitute, are obliged to require alms from the charitable."

They desired to know his story. He was obliged to forge one. While he amused them in this manner, Alan cast up his eyes to the grated casements.—He scrutinized them all, but saw not Edward. At length he perceived a man walking inside the battlements: It was the Prince!

Strongly

Strongly agitated, he could scarcely conceal his emotions. Luckily the soldiers were too much engaged with Montmorency to observe him. Edward chanced to glance a look to the spot on which he stood. Alan hastily raised his hat: he saw the Prince start with surprize, and then suddenly wave his hand, as if to bid him begone.

He again covered his face and rejoined the Baron. Montmorency perceived by his looks, that they had nothing more to detain them. He took leave of the centinels; Alan followed his example, and they pursued their way. Montmorency would not suffer his companion to speak till they had quitted Dover, so much did he dread discovery. At length he gave him permission, and Alan recounted what had happened. This furnished them with conversation for the remainder of their journey. They continued it, arrived safe at the cell, and Gerald welcomed

comed them with a joy sincere, as had been his apprehensions during their absence.

From this time Alan became more impatient than ever of retirement, and more desirous of doing something for the service of the Prince. His deference for Montmorency's advice was scarce sufficient to restrain him from quitting the cell, though he knew not whither to point his steps. But that venerable person, renewing his remonstrances, and enforcing them with the authority of a parent, Alan, who bore him equal affection and respect, ceased to declare his wishes, though he continued to feel them.

While they were in this situation, Geoffry one day entered the cell, and brought them some pleasing intelligence.

He related that the parliament which Leicester had summoned, in order to second his views, had disappointed his
expect-

expectations. That many of the Barons who had hitherto steadfastly adhered to him, now joined the representatives of the people, in murmurs against his immoderate ambition, and openly declared for the re-establishment of the royal house. Geoffry added, that it was said the Earl meant to release Prince Edward from confinement immediately, in order to support his tottering power by some shew of justice. But that he could not vouch for the truth of this assertion.

"It is most probable," interrupted Montmorency. "This step is necessary to sooth the discontented nation; yet will Leicester give only the shadow of liberty to the Prince, careful of withholding from him the reality.——No matter. Heaven, who smiles at the weak policy of man, will render his abortive. Hie thee to London again, good Geoffry, watch, observe, if thou findest my words true, return quickly."

Geoffry

Geoffry delayed not to obey ; he continued a long time absent, and Montmorency began to fear some accident had befallen him. Alan felt still greater anxiety ; he dreaded that this messenger's dilatory stay, proceeded from some new misfortune to the Prince.

Geoffry came, and relieved their apprehensions. He related that Leicester had introduced Edward at Westminster hall, where his freedom had been confirmed by the unanimous assent of the assembled nobles.

Alan could not contain his joy at this part—" Is my Prince free ?" he exclaimed, " and shall I behold him again ?"

" That freedom is no more than appearance, as my lord predicted," answered Geoffry. " Leicester, under pretence of doing him honour, has surrounded him with a guard of his own emissaries ; who carefully spy into all his thoughts, and frustrate all his designs. But it is reported,

ed that Montfort's prime confederate, the Earl of Gloucester, has manifested some tokens of disgust, and talks of resigning his share in an administration which he considers as only calculated to aggrandize his associate."

When Geoffry had done speaking, Alan fell into a fit of deep musing, which lasted a considerable time—At length he raised his head, and perceived Montmorency's eyes fixed intently on him. Starting from his reverie, he caught the old man's hand—"Father," said he, "I have something to divulge in private to thy ear."

He made a sign to his squire—the Baron beckoned to Geoffry, and they both passed out.

"Now, my son, we are alone," said Montmorency, "declare thy thoughts."

"I fear," replied Alan, "that thou wilt again give them the appellation of wild. But an irresistible impulse urges

me on, and I must give way to it. Thou hast heard the state of Leicester's affairs; thou hast heard also of Gloucester's reported disgust against that noble:—Is not this the time that the son of Fitz-Osborne should manifest his loyalty and his courage? “Father, I will hie me to Gloucester; take advantage of his present change; represent to him what he owes to himself and to his King. The theme will render me eloquent: I may touch his heart—Gracious Heaven!—if I should become the instrument of good to my Prince, and to my country!”

“My son,” cried Montmorency, “thy purpose is full of danger—Bethink thee how many obstacles intervene to its accomplishment—Leicester's emissaries may discover thee—I tremble at the thought.”

“And if they do,” replied Alan, “can I die better than in the commission of a patriotic and loyal action? What is this trifling breath, in comparison with

with such a cause? The Almighty has given it me, not merely for myself; two duties he has ordained me to fulfil, those of a Briton and a subject. Shall I, actuated by base apprehension, neglect these duties?—Shall I, to preserve a frail and weakly being, desert the glorious posts he has assigned me?—No, father, let me live to virtue, or die with honour!”

“Thou art the son of my friend!” exclaimed Montmorency, “thou art also the favoured of the most High!—Grace, wisdom and fortitude, the emanations of divinity, inform thy sentiments, and dictate thy designs. Go, pious youth, follow them: and may that Heaven, of which thy mind is the purest model, guard, prosper and protect thy life; the only tie that Montmorency has to earth!”

Moved by the affection of the old man, Alan's eyes glistened: he put his

hand across them, to hide the starting drops of gratitude and delight.

“ Conceal not those tears,” said Montmorency, (while his own fell fast adown his furrowed cheeks); “ Conceal not, but glory in them—They are [not the tears of abjectness, but of nobleness and sensibility.”

The Baron now called in his domestic, and Gerald.

“ I go to London,” said Alan, turning to the latter.—“ To London!” exclaimed Gerald, surprized. “ Yes, but I claim not thy attendance, if thou fearest”—“ Fear!” interrupted Gerald, “ Have I fear, my master, for aught but thee?”

“ Indeed I believe thou hast not;” replied Alan—“ Faithful creature! then we will share one fate.”

He now informed him of his intention, and Gerald, who imagined him the first, and most discreet of men, said nothing to oppose it.

They

They prepared for their journey. Alan was sufficiently disguised by his peasant habit, and Geoffry procured another for his domestic. The third morning from that of their discourse, they quitted the cell, pursued by the wishes and blessings of Montmorency.

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BOOK THE FIFTH

FROWNING Winter had now reluctantly withdrawn his gloomy sceptre from the earth, and given place to his vernal conqueror. Nature, delivered from her icy thralldom, welcomed the gentle dominion of blooming Spring, with all her opening treasures. The modest primrose, and the fragrant blue-bell, decked the rustic hedge, and impregnated the surrounding fluid with odoriferous sweets: the daisy, with variegated pride, powdered the green livery of the fields; while, from the quivering sprays, millions of feathered songsters poured

a strain of artless melody, as if to cheer our travellers on their way.

The scene was calculated to inspire hilarity and pleasure; they felt and enjoyed it. As they proceeded, engaged in familiar discourse, the sky lowered of a sudden; a gathering cloud obscured the light: it burst, deluged the ground, and wetted their apparel through.

Gerald murmured, "Where now," said he (in a discontented tone), "are the objects that delighted us? the flowerets surcharged with rain, bend their heads and cease to emit perfume; the music of the spray is hushed, the songsters fled; such and so uncertain is all human pleasure; the sport of accidents and seasons!"

Alan smiled. "Thy wet apparel, my good Gerald," said he, "has made a moralizer of thee, but of the four kind. Let us haste to yonder cottage; shelter will change thy sentiments. When the
cause

cause is once removed, the effects will cease."

They repaired to the cottage; an aged woman sat within it, spinning. "Dame," said Alan, "we are forced to interrupt thy labours; the storm has driven us hither, and we require thy succour."

"Ye shall have it," said she, throwing away her distaff. She went to the fire-place, fanned the dying embers, and put on more fuel. In a short time the hearth blazed cheerily. Gerald beheld that sight with much satisfaction; he drew near and dried himself. Alan did the same.

"Well," said he, to his companion, "if human tranquility is liable to evil, does not that very evil often produce a better good?" Gerald looked abashed.

"Be assured of the truth, my friend," (pursued Alan) "that the miseries of man are intermingled with his felicities, and cannot be separated by his feeble ef-

forts. Let us then, as we cannot avoid the cup, drink it without murmuring; and surely, if the ingredients are equal, we have no reason to repine, since one moment of true happiness overpays an age of pain."

"Blessings on thy heart!" interrupted the old woman; "the Saint of Canterbury could not have spoken better!—Happy are thy parents, and praised be thy instructor!"

"My dear Alice!" whispered Alan, to himself. He looked out—the storm had blown over—it was time to go. He thanked the good dame for her charitable care, called to his domestic, and they continued their journey.

Gerald had no longer to regret the silence of the feathered musicians. It seemed as if the short interruption to their warbling, had given it more sweetness, and more variety of cadence. Alan observed this to Gerald. He point-

ed

ed out to him, how the face of nature was improved by that circumstance he had deplored as a misfortune. He bade him look at the vivid hue of the herbage; the sparkling gems which glittered on its spiry tops; the pure and serene sky; the encreased refulgence of the lucid eye of day, and then confess, that in the hand of Providence, seeming evil is indeed productive of real good.

It was evening when they reached London. They inquired the way to the Earl of Gloucester's palace, and were soon conducted to the gate. Alan, panting with impatience, bade the porter acquaint his lord, that a peasant, who had tidings of immediate importance to communicate, desired to speak with him. The porter carried the message, and returned in a short time with a favourable answer. He was accompanied by some domestics, who waited to conduct Alan to the Earl. After commanding Gerald

to remain at the gate, he followed whither they led, and in a few moments was ushered into Gloucester's presence.

The native grace of his deportment attracted that noble's attention; he addressed him with affability, and demanded his purpose with a condescending air.

"My lord," replied he, bowing his head, "what I have to communicate, requires secrecy, and we have too many witnesses." "I will trust to thy appearance," said the Earl, beckoning his attendants to withdraw. Alan besought him to bar the door. He complied.

"Now," said the Earl, "I beseech thee, put me out of suspense. I do not suspect thee of treachery, but methinks the meanness of that habit suits thee not. Art thou of noble origin, or is my judgment wrong?"

"I know not," returned Alan, modestly, "whether thy opinion favours me too much; but thy doubt is just.

I am

I am not what these lowly weeds declare
—My name is Alan Fitz-Osborne!”

“Alan Fitz-Osborne!” repeated the Earl, staring; “what, the object of Leicester’s hate!—I am ignorant how thou hast incurred it; but at this moment there are large rewards offered for apprehending thee. Rash youth!—why wouldst thou tempt thy fate?” “If to value my life no longer than while it is conducive to the welfare of my country, and the service of my Prince—if this be temerity,” replied Alan, “I prefer the appellation of rash, to that of prudent.”

“Young man,” said the Earl, confused, “knowest thou not that I am of Leicester’s party?”

“No,” said Alan, undauntedly—“thou art no longer so—reason bids thee choose a better cause—thou wilt obey her voice—thou wilt do thy country such services as shall obliterate the memory of thy hostilities.”

The

The Earl seemed much perplexed. He looked at the youth—mused—regarded him again, and at length spoke. “I am in doubt,” said he, “whether I ought to condemn thy boldness, or applaud thy spirit. Thou appearest acquainted with my sentiments—who gave thee this knowledge?”

“Public report,” answered Alan, “and the confessed generosity of thy character.”

Gloucester became still more embarrassed. His hesitation inspired Alan with the most lively hope; he spoke not; however, sensible it was better to let his own thoughts claim the merit of his change.

The Earl, who would have resented his importunity, was pleased at his silence. Disgusted by Leicester's power and rapacity, he had before determined to quit the court; but he had been actuated to that determination only by private pique,

pride, and meant not to embrace the party of the King, whom he despised as much as he detested his oppressor. Alan's words started a new idea in his mind; he perceived, that by assisting Henry, he might effectually crush his rival. Thus did resentment act in the place of loyalty. He resolved these thoughts—he considered them repeatedly, and at length was fixed; but he still kept up the appearance of irresolution, in order to enhance the value of a future assent.

“Youth,” said he, “thou sayest that public report; and the confessed generosity of my character, give thee the knowledge of my sentiments?”

Alan bowed gracefully.

“Tell me,” resumed the Earl, “would it accord with this generosity to break my engagements? I have sworn to coincide in Leicester's government: I have promised to speed all his measures by my acqui-

acquiescence.——Say, will honour allow me to forget this vow—to forfeit this promise?”

Alan replied not; the integrity of his heart could find no solution for such doubts.

His silence disappointed Gloucester.——He had hoped that the arguments of sophistry would have furnished him with an excuse for yielding to his own wishes: finding his purpose foiled, he determined to use these arguments himself.

“It is true,” said he, as if recollecting what had before escaped him, “that public virtue consists in a firm attachment to our country and its laws. Honour is but another name for this virtue. Leicester has openly insulted the laws, by assuming a power which contradicts their first principles. Honour therefore obliges me not to observe a promise which is contrary to its own nature.”

——He paused; but Alan still continued silent.

flent. "Youth," said he again, with a mortified air, "dost thou approve my words, or are thy sentiments altered? Perhaps thy quarrel with Leicester is no more? Perhaps, to purchase his forgiveness, thou wouldst desert the interests of thy Prince?"

Alan started; the Earl had touched the very key which moved his feelings most.—"O, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "What!—I desert the interests of my Prince, to purchase Montfort's forgiveness!—No—I would die a thousand deaths rather than be guilty of such baseness."

"Yet thou didst seem displeased with my compliance," said the Earl.

"Displeased!" repeated Alan, "didst thou say compliance?—O, noble Gloucester, accept my thanks, and my applause!"

The Earl, now satisfied that his zeal was true, renewed his hesitations and his scruples. Alan over-ruled them all, and obtained

obtained an open assent. They then mutually concerted what was next to be done. The result of their deliberations was, that Gloucester should quit London that night, with his household, and repair to his estate on the Welch borders, from whence he should give secret notice to all the royal party to join him. He proposed to Alan, to accompany him, and he consented; but first dispatched Gerald to Montmorency with information of his success.

Montfort no sooner learned the defection of his late associate, than he prepared to pursue him. Meantime Gloucester was not idle in rousing the royal adherents: He also armed his own dependants, and put his castle in a posture of defence.

While these things were doing, Alan heard that the King and Prince had been obliged to accompany Leicester.—He hastened to communicate the intelligence to the Earl. After acquainting him with it,

it—"We must," said he, "furnish Edward with the means of escape, or all is lost. While he continues in Leicester's army, the people will be led to believe that he coincides in that usurper's measures. If we can accomplish his release, they will see that we are his true friends; and they will crowd to our standard."

"Thou sayest well," replied the Earl; "but much difficulty lies in the execution."

"Suffer me to attempt it," returned Alan; "I have a plan already formed in my thoughts. We must however find some person who will prepare the Prince to further our design. Would to Heaven my faithful Gerald were here!"

To his wish, Gerald arrived that very night. He brought numberless benedictions and counsels from Montmorency. Alan thankfully received them, and then told his squire the subject of his discourse with Gloucester.

"I am

"I am the messenger," cried Gerald, with vivacity. "Employ—try me, and see whether I am devoted to thy service. My master, to gratify one wish of thine, is to Gerald happiness extreme!"

"Alan, after gratefully acknowledging his affection, proceeded to furnish him with instructions. Gerald set out next morning. He was provided with a fleet courser, and arrived near Leicester's camp before the close of day.

When the centinels were in sight, he spurred his horse forward, and looked back frequently as if fearful of pursuit. They observed his behaviour, and judged him a deserter from Gloucester.

"I am safe," cried he, in a joyous tone, throwing himself from his steed, when he had reached the advanced posts.

"Who art thou?" said the centinels.
"A friend to Montfort, and enemy to Gloucester," replied he—"Is the Earl or his son in the camp?"

"They

"They are both here," answered the centinels. "Lead me to them," cried Gerald; "I have a message of importance to deliver."—He had no sooner spoken than his request was gratified. He was conducted to the Earl.

"I should know thy features," said Henry De Montfort. "Thou hast seen them," replied Gerald. "My Lord," continued he, prostrating himself before the Earl, "I am the squire of Alan Fitz-Osborne. He has justly incurred thy resentment:—He has also used me unworthily. I will be avenged of him, or die!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Leicester—"Alan Fitz-Osborne, sayest thou?"—"The same," replied Gerald; "he is now with Gloucester: I come to inform thee of their measures, and to frustrate their designs."

"Now, by my best hopes, thou art welcome!" exclaimed the Earl; "but
say,

say, what has given thee cause of offence against thy master?"

"A blow," answered Gerald; "which if I forget—but no matter. "My lord," he continued, "Alan would have employed me to give notice to the Prince, of Gloucester's motions. I remonstrated against the danger of the attempt: He grew high in anger; called me mean, base-hearted peasant. Ill language I could have borne—but a blow!—Yes, my Lord, he struck me; and from that moment I secretly vowed revenge. I come to execute this vow; I come to betray Gloucester, since by so doing I can also destroy the son of Fitz-Osborne."

"Do they expect our approach?" asked Leicester. "They do," resumed Gerald; "and are prepared for it." "Well, we will meet them," said the Earl.

"Pardon me, my Lord," replied Gerald, "you will then do wrong." I overheard

heard these words from Gloucester to his associate—"My friend," said he, "Leicester advances quick—he cannot avoid our ambuscade; if this measure succeeds, fortune is our own."

"Ha! we will disappoint him then—we will not advance," interrupted Montfort. "But stay—what is this ambuscade? How is it to be formed?"

"I am ignorant," replied Gerald.—"Alan, since our quarrel, has treated me with reserve and distrust. But three days have indeed passed since then, and all things have been carefully concealed from me."

"Then thy information is defective," said the Earl, with a discontented air.

Gerald put his hand to his forehead, and continued several moments in a musing posture—"My Lord," cried he, at length, starting from his reverie, "we will foil them at their own weapons. Suffer me to see the Prince; I will pretend

tend to him that I have deceived you. I will return to Alan, and persuade him, that to atone my fault, I determined to execute the service he would have employed me in, without his knowledge; resolved if I failed, to perish undeclared, as a just punishment for my offence.— Noble Earl, do I say well?”

“ Thou art the prince of intriguers !” replied Leicester, in a tone of satisfaction ; “ Every thing shall be according to thy will : Bring me but Alan into the toils, and wealth shall shower upon thee, even to infinitude——.”

“ And if I deliver Alan into thy power,” interrupted Gerald, “ let no weak clemency prevail on thee to forget what thy revenge and mine exacts.—— O to insult him !—to shew that Gerald dares openly avow his hate !”

“ Fear not,” replied Leicester. “ Do thou thy part, and dread not that I will neglect mine.”

Gerald

Gerald appeared transported with joy. He ceased not to exult apparently at the prospect of approaching vengeance.—Leicester procured him immediate admittance to Edward, and in order to lull that Prince's suspicions, commanded that no person should interrupt their conference.

Edward instantly recollected Gerald: "Where is thy master?" cried he, "and what temerity brings thee hither?"

Gerald looked round, to see whether they were free from observation. He then took a paper from his bosom, and put it into the Prince's hand. Edward's eyes sparkled as he read—"Adventurous youth!" said he, on concluding the perusal, "faithful messenger! I will yet reward thee! But tell me, how hast thou been able to impose upon the crafty Leicester?"

Gerald told him in a few words. The Prince applauded his stratagem, and commended his courage.

"Inform thy master," said he, "that I will literally follow his instructions; and bid him be punctual." He took out his tablets—"It is necessary," said he, "that we should write something to shew Leicester." He wrote these words:

"Edward greets his friends, and offers up prayers for their success. He will not fail to urge Montfort to advance, by pretending to dissuade him. The usurper is well deceived."

Gerald received the tablets, and kissing the Prince's hand, hastened to Leicester. "It is done, my Lord!" cried he, presenting the tablets to his inspection.

"He calls me usurper," said the Earl. "Let him beware that I do not adopt an usurper's principles.—Gloucester once crushed, I shall have no other fear."

He now dismissed Gerald; who, when he had quitted the camp, made the utmost speed. He congratulated himself

on

on his stratagem, and anticipated the pleasure of his master.

Mean time the Prince practised the instructions he had received so well, as to deceive Leicester effectually. The Earl resolved not to seek the enemy till numbers ensured him conquest: he accordingly dispatched Henry De Montfort to London for a reinforcement, and continued quiet in his camp.

Edward, who was accustomed to take the air frequently, accompanied by some of Leicester's retinue, one day led them insensibly to a considerable distance from the camp. Here he halted, and with a sportful air, proposed they should try the speed of their horses by running them one against the other.

His attendants, willing to oblige him, in what they imagined a matter of indifference, instantly consented.—The Prince formed them into two parties, headed one, and pushed his steed onward, as if eager for victory.

He purposely, however, suffered himself to be defeated. He would try again. He exhorted his party to better efforts. They renewed them: numberless races followed. At the moment they declared their horses unable to proceed from fatigue, a young peasant mounted on a gallant courser, and leading another by the bridle, approached towards them.

It was Alan. "To whom belong these horses?" asked the attendants. "To my master," replied the seeming peasant. "And who is thy master?" they resumed. "No matter," said the Prince, taking the bridle from Alan's hand, and vaulting into the unoccupied saddle. "Farewell, sirs," said he, spurring his steed, I leave you for a time."

He rode off with incredible swiftness at these words, and Alan kept close beside him. His baffled attendants, mortified, and fearful of Leicester's anger, followed him as fast as their tired coursers would allow. Two hours had they kept

kept him still in fight, when a body of troops with the standard of Gloucester, appeared in view, and put an end to the pursuit.

These forces welcomed the Prince, with loud and repeated shouts. He answered them with expressions of affability and acknowledgment. And then turning to the son of Fitz-Osborne—"But how," said he, "shall I address my deliverer—my hero!—In what words shall I speak the gratitude with which my soul is filled?—Yes, Alan—thou art indeed my friend:—my heart elected thee to that title from the first moment I beheld thee—I have chosen well—My judgment has not been deceived.—Thou art true and noble to the last!"

Alan made a low obeisance. His modesty would have disclaimed those praises, as unmerited. So ever does real worth shrink from the encomiums it excites, and renders itself still more conspicuous by that attempted concealment.

The happy event of Edward's escape, was the signal for his adherents to declare themselves. His well known valour, the grievance which the kingdom endured from the rapacity of Montfort, and the power of the Earl of Gloucester, all combined to encrease their numbers, and inspire their exertions. They flocked to the Prince without delay, and an army was soon established, sufficient from its strength, to make Leicester and his party tremble.

That proud, but unfortunate noble, perceived now the imposition which had been practised on his credulity. It was too late to remedy the error. He found himself unable to withstand the force of Edward, and retired to the rocky fastnesses of Wales, there to wait the reinforcement of his son, and the Londoners.

Edward had intelligence of their approach; he advanced to surprize them by a vigorous march. The conflict was

short,

short and unequal. In the height of the engagement, Henry De Montfort spied Alan, and rushed furiously towards him. "Ah fugitive!" cried he, "thou shalt feel the effects of my despair!"

Alan thought of the bractlet, and would have avoided him. At that moment Gerald advancing before his master, received a wound from Montfort, which made him stagger in the saddle. The danger of his faithful squire banished all soft ideas from Alan's mind; he urged his horse forward, and received his adversary's second blow upon his buckler.

A savage joy animated Montfort's features. "If I die," said he, "thy blood shall mingle with mine." These words were followed by another stroke. Alan warded it off as before. The son of Leicester, mad with rage and despair, raised his glittering faulchion, and aimed to cut his enemy in twain; at that moment a soldier of Edward, piercing his horse-

horse in the breast, both steed and rider fell.

Alan called aloud to save Montfort, and leaped off his horse. But the fury of war rendering his injunction disregarded, the unfortunate Henry perished with a thousand wounds.

Their commander slain, his followers no longer attempted to defend themselves. The battle became a slaughter; they were to a man cut to pieces, and the soldiers of Edward shouted victory.

Alan, insensible to the sound, hung over the body of Montfort in a mourning attitude. The Prince found him so employed. Unacquainted with Gertrude's love, this appearance of grief surprized him. "What, my friend," cried he, "was not Henry De Montfort thy enemy and mine?"

"True," said Alan, raising his eyes, "but he lives no more."

"Generous youth!" exclaimed the Prince, "If thou canst bewail the death
of

of thy adversary, how much more should I lament the blood of my people!"—— He paused, cast a glance on the mangled corpses which surrounded him, and sighed—"O Heaven!" cried he, "these should have been my future subjects—Inhuman discord!—When wilt thou cease to ravage my bleeding country?"

The soldiers thronged around him.— "Lament these deluded wretches!" they exclaimed. "They have deserved their fate—They who could raise their hands against a Prince so good, so merciful!—Let us haste to chastise the usurping Leicester, as we have done his son."

Edward sighed again, but replied not. He disposed his forces in order, and advanced in search of Leicester, having first, at the request of Alan, caused the body of Henry De Montfort to be borne to a neighbouring monastery, in order to receive the rites of burial.

Not long after, the Earl passed the Severne, in expectation of meeting the

London army. But instead of these troops, he soon perceived that the Prince was coming up to give him battle.

While Edward led a part of his forces to attack him in the rear, he commanded another body headed by Gloucester, to advance with the banners of the London army. Leicester mistook this body for an actual reinforcement, and made dispositions accordingly: at length, however, he became sensible of his error, and saw that his enemies were advancing on all sides in the most regular order. Struck with confusion and dismay, he exclaimed—"May Heaven have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are doomed to destruction!"

All hope however had not abandoned him. After drawing up his soldiers in a circle, he exhorted them to fight like men who had all to gain, or all to suffer; then going strait to the King—"Think not," said he, haughtily, "to triumph in the misfortune of Leicester. If thy son will

will shed blood, thine shall satisfy him !
Prepare thee to aid me against him."

At these words he commanded armour to be brought, and obliged the old Henry to put it on ; then placing him in the front of the army, disposed it to meet Edward's assault.

The battle soon commenced. Edward bore down on Leicester's forces with such incredible impetuosity, that they could scarce maintain their ground. The Earl ceased not to animate them by his own intrepidity. Both sides, sensible that all depended on this day, fought with mutual courage, and ravenous death triumphed o'er the field.

The son of Fitz-Osborne neglected not to signalize himself. Already had his sword been fleshed with many victims, and still did he proceed to inspire dread and terror, when suddenly this exclamation struck his ear—" I am Henry of Winchester, the King !"

He

He turned, and beheld an aged warrior sinking under the stroke of a soldier. With the rapidity of lightning he darted to the spot, and plunging his sword in the bosom of the soldier, covered the feeble King with his buckler.

Edward, hearing the voice of his father, rushed forward and beheld Alan's action—"My brave knight!" cried he. Filial care would permit him to say no more. He raised the King, and had him conducted to a place of safety.

The forces of Leicester now began to give way, notwithstanding their general's exertions. His horse being killed under him, he was compelled to fight on foot. His situation seemed to give him additional valour. "Dastards!" cried he, to his flying men, "will ye desert your general?" They heeded not his words, intent only on pursuing the dictates of their fear.

Thus left alone amidst a host of foes, his spirit seemed to redouble. So the
lordly

lordly lion, finding himself surrounded by the toils of the hunters, resolves to render the last moments of his life more terrible than the preceding. He lashes his tail; erects his dreadful mane; his eye-balls glare with furious ire. He scorns the darts of his assailants, opens wide his horrid jaws, distained with livid gore, rushes upon them, champs, bites, and quits not his hold till his own blood is mingled with that of his enemies.

Such was the conduct and the fate of Leicester! He continued to maintain the fight, till strength forsook him. After having laid numbers of his adversaries breathless, he fell himself the last. His furious soul fled indignant, and left the traces of anger and desperation on his features. A grim frown sat on his lifeless countenance; it seemed to menace even when revenge was impotent. His death merited more approbation than his life. The one had been tarnished by a wild ambition;

tion; valour and intrepidity rendered the other glorious.

After his fall, the battle became a rout, and the victory of the royal party was confessed and decisive. Edward commanded his soldiers to desist from pursuing the vanquished—"They are Englishmen," said he, "they are my children. He who has misled them is no more, and they will return to their duty."

Next morn the corse of Leicester was found among the slain, and sent to the unhappy Isabella.

The King, whom adversity had failed to chasten, now breathed nothing but vengeance for his sufferings. Edward sought to moderate this vindictiveness, and to divert it for the present; spoke to him of Alan, and asked if he did not wish to see his deliverer. The King replied in the affirmative; Edward hastened to seek his knight, and introduced him into the royal presence.

"Be-

"Behold him," cried he, "to whom I owe the existence of a father!" Alan bent his knee to the King, and made a profound obeisance.

"Youth," said Henry, "to thee we are indebted for safety, and for life.— Speak—we swear to grant thy request, be it what it may. That compliance is no more than what is due to thy services."

"Sire," replied Alan, "the friendship of Edward, and the good opinion of my sovereign, are above my merits, but most grateful to my heart. I claim no other rewards; these are sufficient for my hopes, and beyond my deservings.— Yet will I take advantage of my King's condescension, to implore something in behalf of persons who are innocent, though seemingly offending."

"For whom wouldst thou plead," interrupted Henry.

"For the unhappy Countess of Leicester!" replied Alan, with energy.

"Ha!

“Ha! that insolent woman!” exclaimed the King. “She is the sister of Henry,” said Edward.

“And she is unfortunate,” resumed Alan. “A claim sufficient to receive mercy.—Heaven, O King, has placed beside thy throne a mild attendant, even soft-eyed Pity. She sees thee wield the sword of Justice—she would restrain thy hand—she would have it terrify, not strike. O listen to her dissuasions, accept her mediation, and pardon the boldness of thy servant!”

“Thou art indeed bold,” said the King, in a tone of displeasure.

“Not bold,” interrupted Edward—“but resolute in the cause of virtue.”

“Well,” resumed Henry, with an half reluctant air, “we have indiscreetly sworn, and must fulfil our oath.—We pardon the Countess of Leicester, but she must not intrude into our presence; we ordain that she pass the remainder of her days in a perpetual seclusion from the world.”

world. Let her retire to a convent. We give her the choice of her retreat ; but our will is fixed and unalterable."

" And the helpless Gertrude," said Alan, mournfully.

" For her," replied the King, " we are indifferent : let her continue at court, or retire with her mother, as she shall choose."

Alan would have spoken again, but the Prince made him a sign for silence. Well acquainted with the disposition of his father, he knew that he united obstinacy with fickleness, and was sensible that contradiction would only serve to irritate and incense him.

Edward now prepared to dispose his troops in order for marching. While he was thus employed he beheld Walter Fitz-Osborne approaching at the head of an armed band.—Surprized at this appearance, and displeased at his dilatory loyalty, the Prince received him with an aspect of coolness and disgust. Walter perceived his

his resentment, but affected not to do so. After warmly congratulating him on his victory, and deploring his own tardiness, which had prevented him from being a partaker in that glorious action, he went instantly to the King, whom he expected to find more open to imposition.

He threw himself at the monarch's feet, and raising his eyes, beheld Alan close beside him! That sight made him start as if he had seen a basilisk: but suddenly recovering himself, with all the facility of deceit, he gave to his confusion the appearance of pleasurable surprise. Seeming to forget, in his transports, the respect due to the presence of the King, he rushed towards Alan, and clasped him in his arms. That youth could not return the embrace; he was merely passive. "Where hast thou been, wanderer?" said Walter, in a tone of chiding kindness.—"I mourned thy loss—I dreaded thy death—Why wouldst thou give me such causeless sorrow?"

Knewest

Knewest thou not that the bosom of thy kinsman had been thy most secure asylum? Ah! truant, I have thee again, and grief is no more!"

Alan could not listen to these effusions of falsehood, without betraying some tokens of contempt; the cautions of Alice, and of Montmorency were not forgotten. Particular injuries could not move his soul to hatred, but fraud always excited his soul to disdain, and while he scorned the dissimulation of Walter, he regarded him not with any increased resentment.

The King, ever swayed by flattery, received the adulation of his former favourite, with even more than usual facility. Walter soon obtained a greater influence over him than he had dared to hope, and Edward, whose dislike against him gained strength each succeeding hour, regretted in vain his sire's infatuation.

The

The royal army now proceeded to London, on which city Henry resolved to inflict the most signal vengeance, so much did he resent its rebellious forwardness to assist the interests of his opponents. The intercession of the Prince, joined with the supplication of its inhabitants, prevailed on him however, to content himself with depriving it of its military ensigns and fortifications, and with levying a heavy contribution on the offending citizens. These things done, he again took possession of his palace, formed his court, and dispatched ambassadors to France, to inform Lewis of his success, and to escort the Queen and Princess home.

The countess of Leicester, immersed in affliction and despair, received an order for retiring, soon after Henry's arrival in the capital. "Tell the tyrant," said she, to those who brought the commands, "that I would fly to the farthest verge of the earth, to avoid his fight!—His pretended

pretended clemency in sparing my life, affects me not—I see, and despise the motive—Go,” continued she—“tell him, that the daughter of John—the wife of Montfort, (who was, and deserved to be his master) despises his power as much as she detests his person—that she will haste to rejoin her spouse in the regions of eternal happiness—where he shall never come!”

The messengers of Henry were too prudent to bear him this reply; they contented themselves with informing him, that the Countess would obey his order. Alan, who was present, ventured to mention Gertrude.—“True,” replied the King, softened by the imagined submission of his sister, “she has not offended us—we allow her, if she pleases, to remain at court, where we will provide her with an establishment as our niece.—Son of Fitz-Osborne, thou art interested for her—we permit thee to bear her information of our pleasure.”

Alan .

Alan hastened to the mansion of the Countess. Her domestics were preparing for departure. As the messenger of the King, he was instantly admitted to her presence.

What a spectacle for his sensibility!—Her apparel was disordered, her countenance haggard, and her eyes inflamed with weeping. But another object touched him still more forcibly; Gertrude—the gentle, the loving Gertrude, drowned in tears, and prostrate at the feet of her mother. She raised her head, a gleam of joy brightened her countenance. “Alan!” exclaimed she, (with a faint scream) and arose. “Sweet, generous maid—my preserver—is it thus——” faltered the son of Fitz-Osborne,—he could no more—articulation ceased.

“Youth!” said the Countess, “thou seest us fallen low, from the towering summit to which we aspired—Eternal Wisdom wills best—I submit—But, youth

—a few days since, and pleasure smiled upon me. I had then wealth, power, authority—I had then a son—a noble and affectionate spouse—I have seen this dear husband changed into a mangled and unseemly corse—The companion—the stay of my declining years—he is gone for ever!—all is lost—nought remains to me, of my treasures, but this poor maid!—and she—what will become of her—distressed—forsorn—oppressed? Ah! Gertrude, my fond imagination had predicted for thee, a more splendid fate!”

She stopped. A fresh shower gushed from her eyes. She regarded these tears as disgraceful, and attempted to conceal them.

It was some time before Alan's swelling heart would suffer him to speak: yet he condemned his silence, fancying the communication he had to make might check the Countess's affliction. At length, he assumed sufficient composure to relate Henry's words. Isabella looked

looked at her daughter. Gertrude embraced her.

"No, my mother," cried she, "I will never quit thee—I will never enter the palace of Montfort's enemy!—My future days shall be devoted to the comfort of thy sorrow." "Alas! my child," interrupted the Countess, "it passes comfort—bethink thee, for a while—consider the offer of Henry—perhaps——"

"And can my mother doubt the resolution of her daughter?" exclaimed Gertrude. "Seest thou this youth?" said Isabella. "I do," replied the young Montfort; "and at the same moment I confess he is unutterably dear to my soul, I swear to fly him for ever!" Alan started!—the word, "cruel!" involuntarily burst from his lips.

"Youth," said Gertrude, "thou mistakest compassion for love—yet didst thou entertain the most ardent passion for me, we could never be united. The daughter of Leicester must drink the cup of sor-

row to the drugs, with its due portion of her house, and she accepts it. Farewell then, most beloved, most valued of man's kind—farewell for ever! Religion shall, if possible, fill thy place; it may be so; thou shalt have no other successor than the Almighty; in my orisons thou shalt be remembered, perhaps without regret—never without esteem! Adieu—may thy life be as I wish, and it will roll on in uninterrupted happiness!" She waved her hand, as if to bid him depart. Penetrated with tender gratitude, he could not obey that signal. He approached the Countess, and besought her to move her daughter to other sentiments.

"It is impossible," said Gertrude, "my determination is fixed as fate; here in the presence of Heaven, I declare myself to perpetual maidenhood, and pious seclusion. I am now an unworthy sacrifice; it may tender me accepted, by expunging from my heart all mortal love, for that of my Creator. Again I
 Vol. II. G vow,

vow to forsake the world, and pass the remnant of my days with the daughters of religion: their chaste and peaceful society will reform my thoughts, and relieve my affliction. My mother, we will go together—together sing requiems for my departed sire, and my unhappy brother—we will pray for their repose, and insure our own!”

“My noble child!” cried the Countess, embracing her. Gertrude again waved her hand. Alan respected the order—he passed out, agitated and distressed.

“Amiable maid,” cried he, “then I lose thee for ever!—at a time too, when my throbbing heart—ah! too sure I love—these tumults—this regret!” He turned his steps. “I will go back,” said he, “my entreaties were not urged with sufficient fervency—the Countess spoke not—I will oblige her to second me—filial duty will sway Gertrude to listen to her sollicitations.” He stopped again. “Yet,” resumed he,

“What

"what have I to offer?—a stigmatized name, and dependant fortune—No I will suffer alone—How know I too, but Heaven has elected Gertrude to a holy life?—and shall I seek to thwart its purpose?"

That thought determined him. He hastened to the King, with an account of the ill success of his commission. Walter and the Prince were present. The dejection of his countenance during his recital was remarked by his auditors.

The Prince imagined it a new proof of the sensibility and goodness of his heart. Walter thought he penetrated farther, and treasured up that fancied discovery to a future period, when he meant to use it to his destruction. Henry believed that dejection to be a tacit reproach of his own conduct. The idea displeased and offended him; he regarded Alan with an air of coldness, which rejoiced Walter, and concerned the Prince.

G 2 In

In a short time the Queen and Eleonora returned to England. Their arrival gave new brilliancy to the court, and new happiness to Edward. The Princess, to whom Edward presented the son of Fitz-Osborne, as his deliverer, loaded him with acknowledgments, and obliged Gerald to accept of many valuable gifts. The Prince offered to procure a lucrative post for that faithful domestic, but he refused to engage in any duty which would interfere on his attendance on his master.

Edward, now relieved from every anxiety by the safety of Eleonora, prepared to chastise those who adhered to Montfort's principles, though their chief was no more. Adam Gordon, equally celebrated for the strength of his body, and the courage of his soul, continued refractory after the rest of his associates were humbled. From his retreat in the forest of Hampshire, he ravaged the counties of Berks, and Surry, with

all

all the devastations of war. The Prince hastened to that part of the country, determined to put an end to the miseries of the kingdom, by the defeat of that Baron.

Adam, willing to stand on the defensive, intrenched himself in an advantageous post. The Prince, with his usual intrepidity, led on his troops to attack his adversary's camp. They were received with equal bravery. Transported with anger at the obstinate resistance of Gordon's men, and inflamed by the heat of action, Edward, with more impetuosity than prudence, leapt over the trench, followed by the son of Fitz-Osborne, (who never deserted him,) Gerald and a few more. They now found themselves cut off from the rest of the army, and determined to render their danger as hurtful to their enemies, as to themselves. Adam Gordon soon distinguished the Prince, and met him hand to hand. A fierce and dubious combat ensued. Edward at length prevailed; his adversary

received a wound in the sword-arm, and remained at the mercy of the conqueror. At the moment he knelt for pardon, the royal army broke into the camp and rendered the victory complete.

"Fortune has deserted me," said Gordon, "but it is for a more worthy favourite—I shame not in being subdued, since Edward is the victor—his bravery is confessed—I doubt not of his clemency." "Valiant man," said the Prince, "thy confidence is just—arise—if I can make a friend of an enemy, my arm has not been misemployed—such ever be the end of Edward's combats!" He took Gordon by the hand, raised him, and commanded his men to give quarter to the vanquished. They obeyed this order instantly, and he perceived Alan approaching; his sword yet reeking, and his armour spotted with blood.

"Behold that young hero," said the Prince to Gordon—see his nodding plumes—frown they not dreadful, as the

the crest of the fabled Mars?—Martial fury looks lovely in him; his enemies, at once impressed with terror and admiration, bow resistless to his strokes.”

“My tried and valued associate,” added he, to the son of Fitz-Osborne, “come till I introduce thee to my new friend, the gallant Gordon.”

At these words, he joined their hands with his own. “So twined—so cemented,” cried he, “be the bands of our amity.” Affected by the Prince’s goodness, Alan’s features quickly lost their martial sternness, for an expression of grateful sensibility. Gordon was strongly agitated—“O generous Prince!” he exclaimed, “well dost thou deserve the praises, and the love of mankind!—Adam will prove himself not unworthy of thy condescension, by his future conduct. No longer hostile, but faithful and submissive.”

Edward answered him with affability, and departing soon after with his forces,

introduced him that night to his consort, whom he had left at Guilford.

During the absence of the Prince, Walter had infused suspicions of Alan's loyalty into the mind of Henry. Careful to avoid an open accusation, which might render his own motives distrustful, he laboured to render him suspected, without appearing to do so. He began with hinting his nephew's passion for Gertrude, and lamented it, with well feigned expressions of concern. As soon as he found the King attentive, he proceeded to mention Leicester's ambition, Alan's captivity to that noble, and his resentment for the treatment of the Countess and her daughter, while in the power of Henry.

This startled the King; he repeated to his favourite, Alan's warm solicitations for the pardon of the Countess.

"Ah, rash youth," cried Walter, as if involuntarily, "dost thou forget thy duty to Henry, in thy love for Gertrude?"

wouldst

wouldst thou, misguided by blind passion, again scatter the seeds of rebellion!"—He paused—he appeared hurt at the indifference of his words, and besought the King to forget them.

The request was calculated to produce a contrary effect. Henry, weak and fearful, fancied another Montfort in the son of Fitz-Osborne. He urged Walter to a more plain declaration, and was answered, as if reluctantly, with fresh hints; the more dangerous, for being mysterious.

"I will caution the Prince," said Henry. Walter turned pale; he dreaded the penetration of Edward. "May it please my sovereign," said he, "to keep this matter secret; it may be grounded only in the apprehensions of a too ardent loyalty—My nephew—the son of my brother—" "That circumstance criminales him most," answered the King, "for without strong cause, why shouldst thou accuse a person who is so

near to thee in blood ! One who has never injured thee, and one too, who has already added new honour to the name of Fitz-Osborne, by his splendid actions." Shame, not the shame of generous minds, but the galling concomitant of guilt, dyed the countenance of Walter, with a deep and scarlet flush ; dissimulation, ever at his call, soon banished this momentary confusion. The King observed it not ; he renewed his design of speaking to the Prince. Walter, finding him fixed in this purpose, changed his measures, and dared even to attack Edward himself. He besought the King not to mention him as the intelligencer. " Edward loves me not," said he, " I have incurred his displeasure." " How !" interrupted the King, " Thou hast incurred his displeasure ?" " Most sure I have," cried Walter, and Heaven is my judge, not wittingly—he has construed my attachment to my Sovereign, as a jealousy of his own power—Parlon, my liege, my rash tongue !

“I thought this not always brilled by discretion!”

“Speak,” exclaimed Henry; “how hast thou offended my son? I charge thee speak on thy allegiance.”

Walter had now entered too far to recede. He persuaded his credulous auditor, that the Prince, elated by his glory, would have all praise, and all power center in himself; considering the King as no more than a cypher, to whom his good fortune had given some estimation. Though the constant and unvaried tenor of Edward's behaviour, well contradicted this insinuation, Henry believed, and resented what had no better ground than his favourite's malice; he loaded Walter with a profusion of unmerited acknowledgments, and promised to guard him from Edward's anger, by concealing that the accusation of Alan had originated from him.

Such was the state, and such the suspicions of Henry, when the brave Prince came:

came to throw his late-acquired insignia at his feet, and to intercede for the pardon of his prisoners.

Unable to resist his urgent solicitations, Henry consented, though with evident reluctance, to pardon Godwin and Edward, not content with having provided for far, implored that the possession of his estate should also be secured to him.

"And how shall we be assured," replied the King, "that he will not return our benefits with ingratitude?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Edward.

"I will answer for his future loyalty with my life," "Thou art too secure,"

said the King; "perhaps already thy confidence has been misplaced, where thou hast most lavished it."

"What means my sire," cried the Prince, with a look of surprise. "Alan Fitz-Osborne,"

returned Henry, "thy favoured knight—I tell thee he is naught—contaminated with treason!"

"Do

"Do I hear aright?" cried Edward, "some base incendiary—" He looked round. Walter, who was present, avoided his eyes: the Prince saw into his soul, and was satisfied of his treachery. He cast a threatening glance towards him, and then turning again to Henry, "My father," said he, "I am well convinced that malice has abused thine ear. What?—Alan suspected of treason!—My hero—my valiant associate! I beseech thee, fire, to acquaint me with the particulars of this false and horrid charge."

The demand perplexed Henry. Walter's accusation, far from being particular, had been rather enveloped in mystery. He hesitated, faltered; at length—
"Alan loves Gertrude Montfort," he replied. "He would re-establish the claims of her family, and embroil the state again in civil feuds."

The indignation of Edward was now equal with his astonishment. "Alan—my deliverer, the preserver of Henry's life,

life, do this!" he exclaimed.—"Sire," continued he, "this charge, so weak, so improbable, and so futile, moves me even to mirth. Grant that Alan were disloyal—has he ability to render his disaffection hurtful to us, or to the state? Is not the house of Montfort buried in its own ruins? Would Alan, without friends, without dependants, to retrieve a ruined cause, plunge himself into irremediable destruction? But the supposition is injurious. His clear and un sullied mind is Heaven's own mirror. No black images of treason, or deceit, blemish its purity—it is unstained, and undefiled. Would the advisers of my Sire were equally free!" "And my Lord of Fitz-Osborne," said he, turning quickly to Walter—"Does not he burn with indignation at hearing his loved kinsman so aspersed?"

The question, delivered in an ironical tone, staggered him to whom it was addressed. He trembled; he perceived that his malice was discovered, and confusion

fusion overwhelmed him : and he knew not how to look, or what to say.

The King spoke for him. " My son," said he, " the Earl of Fitz-Osborne, respects the words of his sovereign ; he is too loyal, and too trusty, to put the ties of nature in competition with our safety."

" True, my liege," replied Edward, smiling—" I see by his struggles and constraint, the reverence he bears you."

" Sire," added he, with a generous warmth, and kneeling before the King, " I will give my own honour as the pledge of Alan's faith.—Recollect how he has proved it ; think of that moment, when a sacrilegious hand was armed against thy life, how the gallant youth rushed betwixt thee and the impending stroke—covered thee with his body, defended thee with his sword."—The King shuddered at the remembrance. " Thou art affected, my father," resumed Edward, " If he entertained rebellious thoughts,

thoughts, if he were a traitor, would he have prevented thy danger, heedless of his own?"

"It is true," said the King, irresolutely, "yet my suspicions are not groundless." "Give me the author of those suspicions," exclaimed Edward, "soon shall the shame of convicted falsehood overwhelm him!" "I have promised secrecy on that head," said the yielding Henry. "Thou wouldst not have me break my royal word?"

"Be it ever inviolable!" resumed Edward. "But surely if this accuser were honest, he would declare himself in the face of day. Beware, my father, of the counsel that seeks concealment; it is treacherous: Truth scorns disguise, but falsehood always wears one. Again I pledge my honour for that of Alan; will the King accept my surety?" "Be it as thou sayest," replied Henry. The Prince thanked him with transport.—
"Now I know my father!" said he, joyfully.

fully. He renewed his intercession for Gordon. The King, ever in extremes, consented to every thing he asked.

Edward pondered with himself, whether he should reveal the preceding discourse to his knight. The delicacy of friendship restrained him. He was hurt at the idea of wounding his sensibility, by even suffering him to think he was suspected, and determined to bury this matter in eternal oblivion.

Walter finding his artifice rendered abortive by the penetration of the Prince, submitted to necessity, and though he still assailed the credulous Henry with fraudulent hints, he carefully avoided rousing his distrust too far. At this time, his spouse being taken suddenly ill, the desire of appearing to feel an affection which he did not experience, obliged him to return to the castle.

During his absence, the Earl of Gloucester betrayed some appearances of discontent. He complained that his services

vices had not been sufficiently recompensed; and at length broke into open rebellion. The Prince, with his usual celerity of conquest, soon dispersed his adherents, and brought him to submission. He then obliged him to enter into a bond of twenty thousand marks, never to offend again, and thus once more restored the state to peace and security.

Alan, soon after this event, made a visit to Montmorency. The old man received him with a paternal joy; congratulated him on his glory, praised his valour, and sympathized in his concern for Gertrude. Alan mourned the seduction of that maid, and her unhappiness: "Now too," said he, "when a growing passion—"

"Ah! my son," interrupted the Baron, with a tender smile, "this growing passion arises from the inherent perverseness of human nature, from which even thou art not exempt. Whatever necessity places beyond our reach, though we consider

sider it as indifferent before, will acquire importance from the certainty of deprivation. Fancy ever dresses distant objects in the most alluring colours; the charm vanishes as we approach. Thou lovest Gertrude now, because she cannot now be thine; were it possible that the obstacle which separates ye could be removed, thou wouldst find that thou wert enamoured of an idol which thy own imagination had decorated. The delusion would quickly be no more; thou wouldst cease to love!"

"Father," replied Alan, "I may be deceived in the nature of my own sensations, but Gertrude owes nothing to the colourings of imagination—she is beautiful, generous, sincere."

"Was she not thus before?" asked Montmorency.

"I see my error," said the son of Fitz-Osborne, with an ingenuous blush.

"Respected instructor!—Thou hast laid open the mazes of my heart—Pursue thy
work,

work, strengthen, counsel, and improve it."

"Thy foibles," said Montmorency, "partake of virtue; were I to deprive thee of them, I should render thee less amiable—yet is not the name thou hast bestowed on me, more justly thy own right? Wert thou not my instructor, my guide to Heaven, and to peace? Yes, dear youth, to thee I owe hope, resignation, and serenity. Should I then pretend to counsel thee, my guardian spirit, my monitor, my good angel?"

Thus did the seeming reproofs of Montmorency always end in praise:—the first were gentle and benignant, the last ardent and sincere.

Alan continued in the cell two days, and then departed. On his return to court, he found Walter and Lord William also there. The usurper had brought his son, with an intention of opposing Alan in the favour of the Prince. He was not blind to the failings of the former, but
show partiality

partiality induced him to consider them as unseen by others. He discovered his mistake with vexation; the unworthiness of Lord William could not be concealed, and only served as an additional foil to the merit of his kinsman. Walter, equally moved with anger and confusion at this new frustration of his hopes, considered how he should rid his son of a competitor so dangerous, without incurring the terrors of his imagination, or the resentment of the Prince.

His invention soon suggested a method, which might at once deliver him from the sight of Alan, and the fear of Edward, whom he now almost equally detested.

He again practised upon the weakness of the King, continually sounding in his ears the Prince's good qualities and popularity. Thus concealing the shafts of rancour, under the gilding of admiration, they took a more certain, because a more insensible effect.

Henry

Henry

Henry loved not those endowments in his son, in which he found himself deficient: from disliking, he began to fear them: His unworthy favourite increased that fear, by added and exaggerated encomiums.

The King, one day, after listening to him with evident impatience, at length interrupted this strain of praise. "It should seem," said he, frowning, "that we are nothing in the scale with Edward; even thou, once our trusty adherent, appearest to think so?"

"Pardon me, dread sovereign," cried the hypocrite. "While Walter continues to breathe, he will regard the royal Henry, as the most gracious of masters, the first of Princes, and the most excellent of men." Henry appeared satisfied, and the deceiver pursued his work. "In applauding the virtues of the Prince," continued he, "I only echo the voice of an admiring multitude. He is the people's idol—they regard him as a deliverer sent from Heaven.

Heaven. They praise his gentle administration, his fortitude, his wisdom, and his temperance. They look forward with rapture—"To our death and his reign," interrupted the King, hastily. Walter looked down—"The people are fickle," said he; "they are fond of change and tumult."

"What!" cried the King, trembling, "would they divest us of our power the moment we have regained it?"

Walter appeared confused; he seemed at a loss what to say.—"Far be such thoughts from the King," cried he, after a long pause; "Rebellion—it is too terrible!—Scarce has the nation begun to breathe from its calamities.—No, my liege—surely they cannot be so blind—so imprudent!"

While he spoke thus, he conveyed an expression into his countenance which contradicted his words.—The artifice succeeded. Henry, weak and apprehensive, fancied rebellion already at the doors.

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He shrank with fear, turned pale, stammered inarticulately, and at length faltered out—"Walter, thou hast been faithful—art thou still so? Or dost thou too condemn the setting for the rising sun?"

"My master, and my king!"—exclaimed Walter, with well counterfeited emotion, "am I suspected? See, I lay my bosom bare—better thou pierce it with thy sword, than with unkind suspicion!"

"Pardon me," replied Henry, "I believe thee honest—but surely thou hast some ground—The Prince has given thee cause." "My liege," answered Walter, "thou knowest thy son—he is popular, young, and powerful. Prosperity generally corrupts even those hearts which are best fortified with the principles of virtue—but his filial duty—I allow that another in his situation might entertain a dangerous impatience to be possessed of rights, which he would ima-

gine

give himself only worthy of holding.—
But the Prince—he has given strong
proofs.”——

He stopped, as if he were uttering a
falshood. “My liege,” added the trait-
tor, “Edward, though youthful, posses-
ses not the impetuosity of youth; he lays
his schemes with caution, and executes
them with prudence. My liege, thou
art assured of his love, why shouldst thou
fear him?”

This artful discourse, which seeming
to exculpate Edward, loaded him with
suspicion, was calculated to deceive a
person of more wisdom than Henry: it
had therefore its due effect on this infa-
tuated monarch. Experience, the com-
mon teacher of the human race, was by
him disregarded; deceitful suggestions
and present doubts swayd him more than
the remembrance of past events.—He
feared all things, because his irresolute
and wavering mind would fix on nothing.

VOL. II. H of villains Walter

Walter finding his purpose partly answered, proceeded to confirm it. He observed that the leisure of ambitious spirits was generally destructive to the state.

"While all around is tranquil," continued he, "they have time to form and resolve on designs of the most dangerous tendency: Give them employment, and they cease to be hurtful."

"Is Edward one of those?" said the King.

Walter again assumed one of his accustomed looks of fraudulent mystery.—

"My liege," said he, "the Prince is valiant, and fond of glory.—If thou doubtest him, why not convert an apprehended evil into actual good. The flame of religious indignation pervades the Christian world. The good and pious Lewis has again assumed the cross, and goes to chastise the enemies of our holy faith."—Henry caught eagerly at the hint—"And shall not the King of England seek equally to signalize his zeal?" said

said he willing to give a different appearance to his sensations, from what they were in reality. "It is true," he continued, "that notwithstanding our just indignation against the followers of Mahomet, feeble age prevents us from wreaking on them the effects of our anger as we could wish. We will propose this matter to Edward; we will give him an opportunity of proving himself worthy to be our son, and the heir of our throne."

Walter understood his cue: he affected to forget the tenor of the preceding conversation, and to enter into the King's seeming sentiments, with ardour and enthusiasm. Henry, a dupe to his malice, imagined he deceived in his turn, and each remained well satisfied, though not with equal justice, of the success of his own duplicity. Henry soon sounded his son on the object of his wishes; he mentioned the pious expedition of Lewis; he lauded his bravery and his zeal, and as might has Huz and to watched

watched the countenance of the Prince while he spoke.

Edward, inflamed with noble emulation, soon relieved his fears: he proposed the matter himself; declared his resolution to assume the cross, and repair to the holy land, as soon as he had secured the tranquility of the kingdom.

Henry laboured to conceal his joy at this resolution; and Edward, solely occupied by his own generous thoughts, failed to discern it. Eager for renown, he hastened to remove all the obstacles that impeded his design. The state being restored to order, and the people to ease, he prepared for his enterprize. A numerous and gallant army was soon levied, and the time of his departure drew near.

The King, now delivered from an evil which only existed in his own imagination, began to be sensible to the feelings of natural affection. Walter, his treacherous confidant, was acquainted with all the workings of his soul, and again attempted

tempted to pervert them. In private he ceased not to hint the encreasing and dangerous popularity of the Prince, while in public he loaded him with praises, and extolled his piety and courage, even to the skies.

Edward, who despised his adulation, received it with displeasure. This displeasure rendered Walter more anxious than ever for the moment of his departure. In trying to hasten it, his dissimulation produced another effect, which he had neither expected or desired.

One day as he lavished exaggerated encomiums on the intended expedition, in the presence of Henry, the Prince, Alan, and some of the principal courtiers, the King suddenly turned to his son, and pointing out Lord William, who was also there, recommended him to his favour, and desired he might be invested with some post of consequence in the army of the cross.

H 3

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The Prince, led by filial obedience, notwithstanding his dislike to Walter and Lord William, promised to comply. He then involuntarily cast his eye towards the former, and perceived that, far from appearing to rejoice, he seemed rather to lament the promise and the command.

They gave Lord William as little pleasure as his fire.——Mean, timorous, and dastardly, he was cruel, but could not be valiant. Shame however operated instead of courage. He pretended to accept with transport, what inspired him with vexation and dread. Walter saw his indiscretion too late. Should he now attempt to detain his son, that step would infallibly contradict his former declarations. He submitted therefore to necessity, inwardly accusing the imprudence which had brought him into such a dilemma.

When the time approached for the expedition of the croisades, Alan went to the cell of Montmorency, accompanied by Gerald. Their meeting was affecting, their

their parting more so. The old man held the son of Fitz-Osborne a long time strained in his arms.

“Go, beloved youth,” cried he, “continue to tread in the path of honour, and thou canst not fail to acquire renown.—I would have wished thy hand to close my eyes; but Heaven calls thee to combat in its cause; I bow my head to its will. Perhaps in this mortal life we shall meet no more: my son, may prosperity overshadow thee!—May thy youth be glorious, thy age fortunate and peaceful!—May no rude cloud disturb the sunshine of thy days; and full of years and honours, mayest thou at length rejoin Montmorency in the regions of eternal joy, which thy counsel has ensured him to inhabit.” “Youth,” added he, to Gerald, “be attentive to thy master; let no perils remit thy diligence in his service, nor no dangers abate thy zeal:—he is grateful; he deserves thy love, and will reward thy care.” “My son,” said he, embracing

Alan again, "I feel a pang—but no matter. Adieu—May the wishes of Montmorency for thy welfare be effected; may Heaven ever bless, guard, and preserve thee!" "O, my father, my monitor, my friend!" exclaimed Alan, in an interrupted voice. He could no more, his emotions were too strong for utterance; he covered his face, and rushed out of the cell. Gerald soon joined him; they mounted their horses, and in a melancholy silence pursued their way to the capital. The fleet was to sail in a few days after. Alan determined to see his dear Alice before he quitted England. Gerald sought to dissuade him. "My master," said he, "remember her injunction—the Castle of Fitz-Osborne; did she not stile it the habitation of vice, treachery, and death?—Did she not bid me caution thee to avoid it?" These words, far from conquering the intention of Alan, served only to give it strength. "And shall I suffer her," he cried, "to remain

remain in this baleful habitation? No, Gerald, I will see her, I will persuade her to fly from it. Montmorency shall provide her an asylum in the house of his domestic; I will propose this to her, and then dispatch thee to prepare our venerable friend."

"Compose the fears of thy servant so far," answered Gerald, "as to let our journey be secret. I dread the malice of Lord William; already hast thou received sufficient proofs of its existence. I beseech thee, suffer not him or the Earl to know of our expedition."

Alan, though a stranger to apprehension, gratified his squire by a promise of compliance.—Next morn. they again mounted their steeds, and set off.

The fourth evening they reached the precincts of the castle, and went immediately to the cottage of Gerald's sire; from whence Alan sent a trusty messenger to inform Alice of his arrival, and to require her to meet him in the forest as

soon as the moon should have arisen to her full splendour.

This messenger was the mother of Gerald. She performed her employment with discretion, but the agitation of Alice was so great and so evident, as to have excited suspicion, if she had not fortunately received the intelligence without witnesses. The woman returned to Alan, and he waited with a beating heart the hour of appointment. It came at length. He flew to the forest, perceived his faithful nurse, and rushed into her arms.— They sunk gently together on the earth; mingled feelings of joy, affection, and regret, locked their tongues;—they looked at each other; gazed again as if their eyes were not yet satisfied, and as if they had still something to discover which had before escaped them.

Alan first recovered himself—"Guardian of my tender years," he exclaimed, "I see thee once more!—I hold thee again."

again in my arms—I press thee to my breast!”

“O, my beloved child!” cried Alice; “the pangs of absence are well repaid by the joys of meeting!”—She gazed at him again, drew back a little, and exclaimed—“Great Heaven!—how beautiful—how graceful—how manly! Fitz-Osborne himself!—Yes, thy fire, lives, speaks, and moves in thee! Matilda, my fainted mistress—would that she too beheld thee thus lovely, thus all that her fondest hopes could have desired.—Alas! dear injured lady!”——

She paused; her eyes filled and her bosom heaved with sad recollection—“Thou goest, my child,” she resumed; “thou art my only comfort, and shall I lose thee? Thou goest far away; distant and hostile climes shall divide us:—Ah! how know I, if thou mayest ever bless my sight again!” “Let us commit future events to the will of the Almighty,” answered Alan; “but my mother:”—

he

he hesitated—"Matilda was injured—thou once—never will that moment be erased from my memory! Thou once didst imprecate curses on her murderer." He paused, and regarded her with an expression of earnest inquiry.

Alice shuddered—"Dost thou remember?" replied she, in a faltering voice; "Ah! dear child, forget my words!—they were simple, they were indiscreet; perhaps thou didst mistake their tenor."

"O, no!" exclaimed he, falling at her feet; "my mother, recal thy promise; of one day unravelling a mystery which I feel concerns me most nearly. The years of infancy are elapsed—dost thou now fear my discretion?" "Alas!" replied Alice, "I fear all things, because I love thee! Thou art the only good I have left—Shall I risk thy loss, by rousing within thy breast the fell sensations of hatred and revenge?"

"Then," cried Alan, with vivacity, "this disclosure is to inspire me with both

both.—My mother!—keep me not in suspense—Is Walter the murderer of Matilda?—I quit my native land, perhaps for ever—and shall I depart in ignorance?—shall not my hand avenge the blood of her who gave me life?”

As he spoke, his features assumed a sterner cast; fire flashed from his eye—he touched his sword involuntarily, and half drew it from the scabbard.

“Too just were my fears!” cried the trembling Alice, “What temerity!—Wouldst thou in attempting the destruction of another rush blindly on thy own?” She threw herself into a supplicating posture. “My son,” she resumed, “my treasure—my delight, have pity on me! I adjure thee by the bosom that nourished thee—by the respected shades of thy parents—by all things sacred and holy, to promise that thou wilt take no step to vengeance, ’till I allow thee. Give me this vow, else shall my lips be closed in everlasting silence!”

Alan

Alan hesitated. She re-urged him with uplifted hands and streaming eyes. He was melted: forgot every thing but tenderness, and complied.

"Now then, my son," (cried she, arising, and addressing him with a solemn air) "I will tell thee all—follow me."

She advanced into the thickest part of the forest. He followed her quick. "Behold," said she, stopping suddenly, and pointing to a raised mound of earth, "behold the grave of thy mother!"

Alan uttered a loud cry. "This the grave of my mother!—this," cried he, "this the grave of Matilda!"

"Too sure!" replied Alice, with increased solemnity. "Under this simple hillock, rest the remains of Heaven's best and fairest work! During fifteen years, each returning day has seen me wash this grave with my tears; it is the chapel of my orisons, and oft, if fancy did not delude me, have I heard the accents of my mistress—oft beheld her bleeding;

bleeding shade! Look at this turf—see how I have preserved its verdure—No noisome weed or bramble do I suffer to defile it—it is pure as was the breast of her who sleeps beneath it!”

Alan knelt; he bent over the sacred repository of the dead, kissed the turf, and extended his arms across it. “Oh Heaven!” exclaimed Alice, struck by his action, “Is this an omen of my vow’s accomplishment?” “So once,” continued she, to the son of Fitz-Osborne, “so once did I extend thy infant hands—My child—Heaven has elected thee for the minister of its justice!”

Alan heard her not. Buried in sorrowful reflections, he neither changed his posture, nor raised his head. She knelt beside him, and took his hand in hers. He started. “Where is the murderer of my mother?” cried he, wildly. —“Give him to my sword!” “Recollect thy vow,” said Alice. “Ah! rash vow!” he exclaimed. —“Why didst thou require it?”

it?—Why am I restrained?—Must I suffer the wretch!—the caitiff! to live in peace?—But speak—name him—let me at least know this object of my detestation!”

“May Heaven blast him with unheard of curses!” exclaimed Alice.

“Learn, my son, that Walter Fitz-Osborne, the brother of thy sire, that he, even he, was the destroyer of thy mother, and the spoiler of thy birth-right!”

That name impressed Alan with horror; he had doubted before, but certainty confounded him. “What, the Earl?” exclaimed he, in an agitated voice.

“That title is as false as his own heart!” interrupted Alice.—“Thou, my child—thou art the true Lord of these domains—Thou art the rightful heir of thy sire!—Compose thy spirits, and listen to my words.”

In speaking thus, she made him a recital of what had passed on Walter’s coming to the Castle with his adherents: part
of

of this scene was yet buried in mystery. She developed enough however, to encrease the emotions of her auditor. In concluding, she took the tablets of Matilda from her bosom, and opening them, pointed out that page which contained the prayer for Walter.

Alan perused it eagerly. "Blest shade," said he, looking up, "why am I not absolved from my vow?—why cannot I avenge thee?—O," continued he, turning to Alice, "now while my heart burns with a just indignation, give me to requite my parent's wrongs on her destroyer's head!—Beloved Alice, say but one word—I fly to punish!—Arm me with thy permission—O my mother—thou owest it to Matilda—She chides thy tardy consent."

"Mistaken youth," replied Alice, "she would preserve, not destroy thee—Is this a time for vengeance?—Bethink thee of Walter's power—recollect how high

high he stands in Henry's confidence.—
Canst thou—unfriended—helpless—pre-
tend to cope with one of such authority?
—No, my son, in perishing, thou thyself
would be undone—Reserve thy sword—
It is engaged in the cause of Heaven—
Thou canst not without impiety now use it
for another purpose—Go—fight under
the banner of religion—establish thy
name by new renown—then seize the fa-
vourable moment—drag the usurper from
the den of his hypocrisy—bare him to
the eye of day—accuse—strike—and re-
venge!”

While she spoke in an earnest and
energetic tone, the forest became agitat-
ed with a tremulous motion, as if, tho'
inanimate, impressed with sacred awe.

“My son!” cried Alice, catching Alan's
hand. Suddenly a female form clad in
robes of light, flitted past them.

“It is Matilda!” exclaimed Alice.
“My mother!” cried the youth, starting
up, and rushing forward. The airy
shade

shade eluded his pursuit. He saw it no more.

"O, my mother!" resumed he, in a tone of grief, "dost thou fly thy son?—but one poor glance!—wilt thou not return—my mother?" "Peace!" interrupted Alice, "respect the dead!"

Alan again threw himself beside the grave, folded his arms, fixed his eyes, and fell into a sleep fit of musing.

His companion roused him from it. "Didst thou mark the countenance of Maella?"

said she. "Didst thou observe the glance of approbation she cast towards me?—

Either fancy deceived me, or I beheld it.

My son, her presence was owing to no light cause; thou wert rash—imprudent.

She came to warn thee from temerity—to bid thee delay the hour of vengeance,

to render it more sure. Follow her will

—she is but the messenger of Heaven;

let piety and filial love restrain thy impetuosity, and render thee compliant."

"They shall," exclaimed Alan, "I will

be

be obedient, submissive; I will restrain my indignation, however hard the task. Good God! to do so, must I not become a dissembler? Alice, dear Alice, pity me—I must hide my feelings—I must wear the robe of deceit—how difficult—how humiliating!”

His companion soothed him. She represented that necessity rendered concealment laudable, not humiliating. She praised his generous spirit, hugged him to her bosom, and at length composed him.

—They entered into conversation. He proposed to her an asylum in the house of Geoffry; she accepted it gladly, and they concerted that Gerald should shortly come to guide her to that place. As they discoursed, the morning broke upon them; it was time to separate.

“O, my son! my son!” cried Alice, throwing her arms around him, “If I see thee no more!—if this is our last embrace—” Sobs interrupted her voice; she

She pressed him again to her heart, and wetted him with her tears.

"My son!" she repeated, "If I see thee no more!—solace of my woes!—comfort of my afflictions!—stay of my declining years!—if I lose thee——O God, avert that terrible judgment!—deprive me not of my joy, my hope, my delight!——O, thou Eternal, take not from me my only treasure!—my only good!"

While she held him in a strict embrace, Gerald advanced hastily towards them.

"My master," said he, "we must quicken our departure. As I kept watch on the verge of the forest, I beheld a man, strike through a path which led from this spot. If I am not deceived, it was Maurice whom I saw."

"Ah! the traitor!" exclaimed Alice, "too sure, he has overheard our conference!—Fly, my son!—fly this moment—stay not for treachery!"——
"We will go together," replied Alan,
"there

"there is no safety for thee in the Castle;—Come, my mother, this is no time for ceremony or delay." In speaking thus, he took her trembling hand, and led her to the verge of the forest where Gerald had tied their steeds; then assisting him to loose them, he placed Alice behind his squire, vaulted on his own courser, and they rode off at full speed.

When at a sufficient distance from the Castle to defy pursuit, the son of Fitz-Osborne halted in tendernefs to his nurse, who faint from affright and fatigue, desired to repose herself for a while. He assisted her to alight; they seated themselves beneath a friendly hedge, impervious to the heat of the sun, and Gerald took charge of the horses.

"My son," said Alice fondly, "how much am I indebted to thy care! But say, what is thy purpose? Dost thou mean to go straight to the capital?" "No, my mother," replied Alan, "I will first lodge thee in safety with the venerable
Arnulf.

Arnulf. From thence Geoffry shall conduct thee to his dwelling. When I have committed thee to his protection, I will go to London."

"My master," interrupted Gerald, "wilt thou pardon me for presuming to give thee counsel?" "Speak freely," replied Alan, "I advise then," resumed Gerald, "that thou leave Alice to my care, and hasten to the capital. The flight of thy nurse, and the communication of Maurice, will not fail to alarm Walter; thy presence may lull his suspicions."

"True, most true!" cried Alice, eagerly. "O my son, I pray thee give heed to this counsel; it is discreet. My heart sickens at the thought of thy danger. Go, my child; relieve the anxiety of her who loves thee more than her own life!"

Her lips quivered with agitation; she regarded him with looks of supplication and affright. Alan, though unwilling

to

to comply, could not resist these melting solicitations; he embraced her, and promised to be obedient to her will in all things.

It was enough. Delivered from apprehension, she now found room for sorrow. They were to part; perhaps for ever. Could she support that parting? Bitter sobs, mingled with exclamations, proved the strength of her affection, and the depth of her woe.

Nor was Alan less affected. His friend, his instructress, his more than parent; so did he stifle, and so lament her. At length they separated. Gerald directed his course to the cell of Montmorency, and Alan took the route to London.

Various and conflicting were his thoughts during that journey. But when on entering the palace, he perceived his usurping kinsman advance to meet him, with a smile of dissembled pleasure; his vow, the injunction of Alice, the apparition, all were insufficient to stifle his

his master, or to restrain his indignation. Far from opening his arms to the offered embrace, he avoided it, as if fearful of contamination, and turned suddenly away.

Walter, surprized at this disgust, and sensible he had deserved it, began to apprehend the discovery of his guilt. Maurice alone could have betrayed him, yet now, he knew not; all was perplexity and terror. As the anxiety of vice is more painful than that of virtue, so did the acuteness of his torments exceed the bitterness of Alan's feelings. He passed a restless night, and next day dispatched a messenger to the castle of Fitz Osborne, with orders for Maurice to repair to him with speed.

While he waited impatiently for the result, Gerald returned to his master. Alan had scarcely rejoiced at the security of his beloved nurse, when he learned that a favouring gale summoned the soldiers of religion to the commencement of their enterprize.

The Prince confirmed this intelligence. "We go, my friend!" he exclaimed. "Our ensigns wanton proudly in the breeze; all is ready. Our ships are unmoored; Heaven calls us! My Eleonora waits to accompany her spouse."

Martial order inflamed the breast of our young hero. "My Prince!" he exclaimed, "We will fight and conquer! Victory shall crown the banner of the red cross!"

The fleet was shortly launched; crowds of generous warriors thronged the decks. The Prince, his consort, Alan, and a troop of young nobles hastened on board. Lord William made one of this number, and Walter had the mortification of seeing them depart before his suspicions were resolved.

A concourse of spectators lined the shore, and put up vows to Heaven for the success and good fortune of the gallant croisades. The mariners, saluting the multitude with loud and joyful shouts, unfurled

furled their sails: the careful pilots steered their rudders forward, and soon the pointed keels cut the bosom of the deep. A swift and easy passage, carried them into the Mediterranean. They arrived at the African shore. The troops landed, and proceeded with the Prince at their head, to the camp of the French Monarch, which lay before Tunis.

They found it immersed in mourning and dismay. Edward learned with grief that his expected confederate, the pious Lewis, had paid the debt of nature before his arrival. Philip De Aumale was the relater of this melancholy event.— Big tears rolled down the cheeks of the venerable warrior, while he articulated that Lewis was no more. The Prince, though deeply concerned, was not discouraged from his purpose. He deplored the loss of his august associate, attempted to comfort Philip, and prepared to return to his fleet.

Alan advanced to De Aumale—"Brave man," said he, "I would alleviate thy sorrow were it possible; I know it to be strong; I feel it to be afflicting. Thou lamentest a master and a friend; may Alan never experience such a loss! Heaven shield the life of Edward, and avert all ills from his royal head!"

"Gracious youth," replied Philip, "may thy prayer be answered, for the sake of England's and thine own repose! Knight, I thought to have followed my master in the path of glory, and I bear him to his tomb;—bitter and sad reverse!—but he is happy; goodness has ensured him bliss, and I ought not to repine."

In saying this, he renewed his former offer of amity to Alan, and that youth thankfully accepted and returned it.—

The Prince led back his soldiers to the fleet; they embarked without loss of time, and proceeded on their voyage.

BOOK THE SIXTH

AMONGST the ladies who attended Eleonora, daughter to the Earl of Salisbury, was the most eminent in beauty and accomplishments. The young Earl of Pembroke, one of the companions of Edward, had declared himself her knight and her servant, and she seemed to regard him with no unfavourable eye. Her departure from England had been supposed to proceed from her affection to this noble; but the public opinion was fallacious. His superior merit obliged her to distinguish him from the rest of her suitors; but reason alone had extorted that preference, while her

heart continued free. The son of Fitz-Osborne unwittingly subdued that insensibility : his fame had reached her ear ; before his person met her eyes. Prepared to admire, his demeanor exceeded her most sanguine expectations. She found him all excellent, all charming ; Pembroke appeared nothing in comparison. From considering Alan as superior to him, she proceeded to think him the first and most amiable of the human race.

Pembroke soon perceived that he no longer held the first place in her esteem ; he complained of her coldness, and his importunity converted her indifference into dislike ; whenever he attempted to address her, frowning and averted looks were the consequence. The young Lord, naturally proud, resented this apparent aversion, with incessant reproaches, and concealing neither his love, or his anger, vented both, even in the presence of the Prince.

Edward,

Edward, who imagined her behaviour the result of maidenly artifice alone, rallied Pembroke, and diverted himself with his anxiety. He would frequently call on Alan to join with him in ridicule, but that youth, ever compassionate and tender, pitied the despised lover, and sought to persuade Blanche to a less rigorous deportment.

Eager to converse with him, though on a topic she disapproved, the daughter of Salisbury listened with mildness to his pleadings, and secretly wished they had proceeded from another cause. He mistook this affability, for a presage of success, more warmly renewed his solicitations, and received the thanks and gratitude of Pembroke, while he injured, though innocently, his love.

These matters produced food for mirth and divertisement to the Prince and his consort, during the voyage: it approached to a conclusion; the holy shore of Palestine appeared in view; the mari-

ners, exulting, plied their oars, loud acclamations filled the air; all private concerns were lost in the consideration of public and religious weal.

The cables were thrown out, the vessels moored, and Alan first leapt lightly on the beach. Crowds of warriors followed. They joyfully hailed the land, which had been favoured with the immediate presence of the Deity. Eleonora and her attendant dames were conducted on shore; the sacred banner was reared, Edward, laying his hand upon it, knelt, and offered up his orisons. His example was followed by the assembled army: their devotions ended, they arose with resolved and cheerful aspects.

Amongst that numerous multitude, Lord William alone betrayed symptoms of dread and apprehension; his pusillanimity passed unnoticed, save by the discerning Prince. He observed the eye of Edward fixed upon him, blushed, and would

would soon have assumed an appearance of fortitude and courage.

But though he inherited from his sire, the love of dissimulation, the copy had not attained to such perfection as the original. Inclined to deceit, yet not possessed of ingenuity enough to hide that propensity, his artifices were generally detected, because easily developed. Too shallow, and too despicable to take effect, they inspired not hatred or fear, but disdain, and contumely.

The Croisades now advanced to the relief of Acon, which was besieged by a large army of the Infidels, commanded by Selim, Sultan of Babylon, a bitter and determined adversary to the Christian faith. Edward led on his troops to the engagement, having first animated them with a concise and nervous speech. The unbelieving Monarch, confiding in the superiority of numbers, despised, what he imagined, an impotent attack; but the result soon convinced him, that

strength weighs nothing in the scale with discipline and valour.

The victorious cross triumphed over the humbled crescent; Selim, baffled and disappointed, took refuge within the walls of Joppa, and Edward encamped before them.

The just praises which the Prince had bestowed on the son of Fitz-Osborne, for his conduct in the late battle, excited neither envy or displeasure, save in the breast of Lord William, that experienced both, and he could ill conceal them. Not daring to vent himself in open injuries, he sought to embroil Pembroke with his kinsman. Notwithstanding his natural stupidity, malice had lent him penetration; he discovered the secret of Blanche, and bluntly communicated it to her lover, at the same time loading Alan with the imputation of treachery. Jealousy is wild and impetuous; it anticipates proof, and takes doubt for confirmation. Pembroke, though he de-

spised

spised the character of Lord William, gave an implicit credit to his assurance, and burned with resentment against Alan and his mistress. Ignorant of his enemies machinations, that youth continued to employ all his influence with Blanche in behalf of Pembroke. He took every opportunity to entertain her on this subject, and the unsuccessful lover believing he solicited for another interest, became inflamed with fresh rage.

Anger blinded him to decency and honour; he sought an occasion to quarrel with his fancied rival; and at length, being transported beyond all bounds, insulted him publicly, by the opprobrious name of base-born deceiver. This gross treatment deprived Alan of his wonted forbearance; he answered the indignity with a blow, and pulled his sword from the scabbard. Pembroke had already drawn his; he rushed upon him, mad with jealousy and rage; the spectators interposed; they separated them forcibly, and

and at the same moment the Prince appeared.

Edward, struck with surprise, advanced towards them.—"My Lord of Pembroke!" he exclaimed—"What! and my Knight too? For shame! employ your swords to better purpose—disgrace them not with private broils—turn them against the enemies of Christianity!—shall discord interrupt our union?"

Alan, moved with an ingenuous confusion by this reproof, cast down his eyes, unable to support the looks of the Prince. Pembroke, inspired with the confidence of anger, addressed Edward boldly.

"When treachery," said he, "is discovered, it is no wonder that discord should follow.—That base-born stripling!"

"Peace, on thy life," interrupted Alan, aroused from his confusion, "already thou hast insulted me with that name—am I base-born?—perhaps;"—He stopped, he recollected his vow.—"Be my birth

as it may," resumed he, more calmly, "I am not a deceiver—so didst thou stile me."

"And so will I prove thee!" returned Pembroke, fiercely. "With my sword will I prove thy falshood.—I challenge thee to single combat." He threw down his gauntlet.

Alan took it up.—"Have my Prince's permission,"—said he, earnestly. "I know not," replied Edward, still more amazed. "To what tends this haughty Lord's discourse?—speak," said he, turning to Pembroke. "Of what wouldst thou accuse my Knight?"

"It is enough," replied he, "that I know him to be a traitor—his own breast can best inform him how. Let him accept my defiance, or by his cowardice merit another kind of chastisement."

"Hath it in thee to menace the son of Fitz-Osborne?" cried Alan, indignantly. "My Prince, (added he, falling at Edward's feet) if I am a deceiver, I deserve.

serve not to serve thee. Suffer me to wash away the odious appellation in the blood of the insulter!—Grant me this boon, or spurn me from thy presence with ignominy. There is no alternative; either I merit to defend my fame, or am unworthy of thy favour.”

“Arise,” said Edward, “I allow thy demand, not from consideration of Lord Pembroke, but in deference to thee. He has insulted me, in daring to use rude and threatening language in my presence, and he may esteem himself obliged to thy supplication, that I do not otherwise resent his disrespect.”

These words gave new vexation to Pembroke. In a fullen and mortified tone, he bade the Prince fix the hour of combat.

“I will it to be to-morrow,” answered Edward; “I give thee the intermediate time to consider of thy offence to the son of Fitz-Osborne, and to me: Perhaps a little thought may incline thee to more noble.”

noble conduct. If reflection disposes thee to repentance and submission, I will again receive thee as the Lord of Pembroke, my companion in danger, and my emulator in glory—At present, I know thee not.” In speaking thus, he turned away, and bade Alan follow him, leaving the angry challenger to the stings of his humbled pride.

Pembroke soon after presented himself before his mistress. He asked in an ironical tone, whether her favourite had been to implore the assistance of her vows for the ensuing fight? A conscious blush dyed her cheek, and indignation heightened it. “If,” replied she, haughtily, “thou meanest Alan Fitz-Osborne, he is indeed my favourite, in being thy adversary!”

“Had then Blanche openly avows her predilection for a stripling, a traitor, one of stained birth, and dependant fortunes?”

“Shame—

"Shame on thy ill-mannered tongue!" exclaimed the Lady, "darest thou tax me with indiscretion? Must I love another, because Pembroke is the object of my aversion?—Begone insulter! Know me for the daughter of Salisbury. Dread the resentment of my kindred, though thou contemnest mine!"

Pembroke, who at her first words, was nearly penitent, became still more offending from this threat. After venting his rage in the most vehement reproaches, he rushed from her presence, overwhelmed with confusion and despatch.

That evening he confined himself to his tent, and gave orders that no person should be admitted but Lord William. This base confidant increased his tortures by the intelligence he communicated on entering. He said that Alan at that moment discoursed with the daughter of Salisbury, in a grove of palm trees, which shaded Edward's tent, and offered to conduct him to the spot, unseen. Pembroke, without

without speaking, made a sign of assent. Lord William led him onward to the place he had mentioned. They concealed themselves in a close arbour, and shortly the objects whom they sought approached.

Pembroke attempted to burst from his retreat, but Lord William, whose cowardice squalled his treachery, dreaded the vengeance of Alan, and forcibly restrained him. That step, calculated for his safety, became the means of discovering his malice. The son of Fitz-Osborne and Blanche now advanced so near to the arbour, as to render their conversation overheard.

The Lady spoke of her lover's influence with much indignation. What was the astonishment of that Lord, to hear Alan attempt to mitigate her anger, and plead for the person who had most injured him! He renewed his attention, and watched impatiently for the reply of his mistress.

It was given with embarrassment: blushes suffused her countenance, while she hinted that jealousy had been the motive of Pembroke's conduct.

Alan, with an ingenuous humility, wondered why he should be the object; but far from joining with Blanche in condemning the suspicion, and its consequences, he would have her consider it as an extenuation of her lover's offence. He bade her recollect his former services, gently reproved her severity, and said that jealousy, as an attendant of true passion, was more deserving of pity than resentment.

Overcome by this generosity, Pembroke suddenly shook off Lord William, and rushed out of the arbour. Blanche uttered a shriek of affright. Alan, impressed with surprise, but incapable of fear, waited with an undaunted air, the assault of the supposed enemy.

The action of Pembroke banished that thought. After standing some moments
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in a fixed attitude of confusion, he advanced towards his mistress, "Lady," said he, "though I much desire thy pardon, I must first seek another, more difficult to grant, because greater the offence."

"Noble youth," he added, turning to Alan, "see the defiance of Pembroke, changed into supplication.—Thou wert my advocate even now, but who shall plead for me to thee?—Canst thou forgive the rash, and affronting sallies of wild passion? Behold thy late enemy, humbled by thy virtue, repentant of his offence, suing for thy forgiveness, yet confessing himself unworthy to attain it."

"Enough, generous man," said Alan, extending his hands; "the submission of such a person as Pembroke is sufficiently gratifying, his amity desirable."

Pembroke eagerly accepted the offered hand. Alan immediately joined his with that of Blanche; she appeared displeased; and would have drawn it away; Alan detained.

detained it with a gentle force—"I, too, have a pardon to ask," said he, gaily, "but I must continue to offend, even while I implore it. Dear Lady, enough has been given to decorum; let love now exact his share. Pembroke deserves thy affection; thou canst not withhold it, without being guilty of ingratitude. Will Blanche render herself liable to so foul a charge?—No, I perceive condescension in her looks; I perceive too, that Alan begins to be an intruder." In saying thus, with a smiling air, and quick pace, he quitted them and the grove abruptly.

The hand of Blanche still continued enclosed in that of Pembroke: lost in confusion and disappointment, she forgot to withdraw it. Alan was insensible to her love: he even required her to bestow it on another—how humiliating!—Anger for his indifference, pleaded more effectually for Pembroke, that his own solicitations: he neglected not however, to employ them, and mistaking her agitation.

tation as favourable to himself, remained satisfied with his good fortune. Affect- ed by his transports, and ashamed of her own sensations, Blanche sought by ap- proving the one, to conceal the other: She beheld him with kindness, answered him with affability, and promised to hold him in the same esteem as before.

Pembroke, now at ease, recollected Lord William. Willing to excuse his own conduct, he acquainted Blanche with his insinuations, and breathing ven- geance for his treachery, went to the harbour with an intent of pulling him forth. But he was disappointed; Lord William having sunk away the moment he had quitted him.

Pembroke returned to his mistress, led her to the tent of Eleonora, and leaving her at its entrance, went in search of the Prince; determined to make a public submission to him and Alan, and to ex- pose the deceit of Lord William. He executed his purpose. Edward, who had

had been prepared for that event by his Knight, kindly accepted the apology, and forbade the combat. Lord William reproved, shunned, and deserted by all, was obliged to content himself with the society of his own thoughts, always base, and now tormenting.

The siege of Joppa was pursued with unremitting diligence. Selim made a desperate sally on those who were carrying on the works, at a time when they expected no assault. Before they could be relieved, he routed them from their posts, destroyed their machines, and returned triumphantly into the town, with a considerable number of prisoners.

Edward, enraged at this insult, pressed the place with redoubled vigour. His fleet meanwhile commanded the harbour, and prevented all provisions from entering. The Sultan of Babylon, dispirited by the clamours of the famished inhabitants, at length implored a truce of fourteen days, promising, if not relieved

lieved before that period, to deliver up the town to the Christians; and menacing, in case of refusal, to impale his captives in sight of their friends. The humanity of Edward, ever superior to the suggestions of his policy, obliged him to assent. The truce was proclaimed, and a short repose interrupted the toils of war.

The second night from the commencement of the truce, Alan being seized with an unusual melancholy, resolved to indulge it in solitude; and mounting his proud steed, quitted the camp, accompanied by the trusty Gerald. The moon had then attained her highest zenith, and threw a mild lustre on surrounding objects; no rude breeze disturbed the awful stillness of nature; Contemplation seemed to mark the present moment for her own.

Unconscious of any direction, Alan, and his companion wandered on. They had entered a large forest which skirted Joppa, before Gerald ventured to interrupt

rupt the train of his master's reflections: While he was persuading him to return to the camp, by representing the many dangers which awaited his stay, a youth, habited in a rich Saracen dress, passed them quickly. Alan, struck by his appearance, heeded not Gerald's words, but continued gazing after him. The stranger, striking into the midst of the forest, was soon concealed from his view. He turned to Gerald, and was going to express his surprize, when the sound of rude and boisterous voices assailed his ear, and at the same time another cried aloud for help. Alan, ever ready to the call of distress, instantly couched his lance, and spurred his horse towards the path he had seen the Saracentake. Gerald kept close beside him, and they soon perceived the stranger hemmed in by a small body of retainers to the English camp.

Alan, in a loud voice, declared his name, and admonished the assailants to desist from infracting the truce. Instead

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of complying, they turned on him with fury, resolved to prevent him from becoming an accuser of their treachery.

Alan prevented their attack, charged amongst them with impetuosity, and Gerald failed not to second his valour. The ruffians were shortly obliged to defend themselves; their exertions were vain; already had the conquering arm of Alan obliged three of their number to bite the dust, when the young Saracen, finding himself at liberty, snatched a weapon from the hand of one of his assailants, and plunging it in his breast, flew to the side of his defender. The three warriors, then united, and irresistible, soon compelled their remaining enemies to fly.

“My brave deliverer!” cried the stranger, embracing Alan, “Thou art a Christian. I, though professing the faith of Mahomet, am not a foe to Christianity; and base indeed were my heart, if I could suffer the difference of religious

tenets to abate my gratitude, while thy generosity, spurning all distinctions, exposed thy own life in defence of mine, a stranger, and supposed enemy."

The son of Fitz-Osborne, astonished at hearing himself addressed in the English tongue, stood for some moments silent; at length he exclaimed, "The language of my own country, in the wood of Joppa!—and from a Saracen. Perhaps," said he, hesitating, "that habit may deceive me—perhaps thou art of English birth?"

"Thy doubt is natural," replied the stranger, smiling, "but not just. I am a native of Cairo, of the blood of the Mamelukes. Time presses, or I would be more particular; the ruffians who have fled, may return with more assistants; let us separate. To-morrow, at the ninth hour, if thou feelest thyself interested for me, as I do for thee, repair to this place. I now offer thee my friendship; I will then resolve thy curiosity."

osity." At these words, not waiting for a reply, he ran rapidly away, and was soon out of sight.

Alan, marvelling at the passed scene, turned to his domestic; "We will depart," said he, "and to-morrow."—His squire interrupted him with an aspect of terror. "Nor to-morrow, nor ever," said he, trembling, "shalt thou come to this place, if Gerald's dissuasions take effect!"

"And why," asked Alan, in a tone of displeasure, "Why wouldest thou dissuade me?—Didst thou not hear the stranger?"

"Ah! my master," replied Gerald, "heed him not. Too sure he is an evil phantom who would lure thee to destruction. The unbelievers teem in enchantments and forceries. They have raised this spirit to mislead thee. My master, guard thee against their infernal arts:—avoid the wood of Joppa!—Let us enter it no more!"

The displeasure of Alan was now converted into mirth. "My poor Gerald," said he, smiling, "thy reason is disturbed. What enchantment, and what arts, are those thou fearest? Think a little;—thou art but a coward in imagination; I have seen thy arm act bravely."

The reproof confused Gerald, but did not rid him of his terrors; yet respect bridled his tongue; he spoke no more on a subject which he apprehended might move his master's anger, and they proceeded to the camp in silence.

Next day Alan forgot not his appointment. Gerald, notwithstanding his superstition, would not suffer him to go alone. Scarce had they entered the wood, when they beheld the Saracen approach, leading another person, who seemed to advance with timid and fearful steps.—Alan immediately dismounted, and Gerald followed his example trembling.—"My master," said he whisperingly, and pulling him, "Seest thou not that
second

second person ? "Take heed !" Alan smiled, and unmindful of the caution, went nearer to the Saracen.

He beheld the fresh object of Gerald's fear, and found him more capable of inspiring admiration than terror.

He seemed yet in extreme youth: His blue eyes rivalled the azure of the Heavens, and were shaded by dark lashes which gave them an air of inexpressible sweetness and sensibility. A turban of transparent riffany restrained his luxuriant auburn tresses from flowing loose, yet a few locks bursting from confinement, wandered over his snowy forehead, and appeared to pride themselves in the contrast. The bloom of the opening rose, seemed a type of that delicate suffusion which overspread his cheeks, and his lips of a deeper hue, were rendered still more charming by a dimple which played beside them. He was clad in a light robe of the silk of Ormus, bound around his graceful waist by a golden

zone, clasped with rubies, to which depended a scimeter, fludded with precious gems. His white ancles, round, slender, and polished, were decorated with bracelets of the sparkling diamond on a ground of black; and his tender feet were defended with embroidered sandals: In his long and taper fingers, he grasped a pointed dart, which far from appearing meant for a weapon of offence, seemed to terrify him who bore it.

The son of Fitz-Osborne, in gazing at this beauteous figure, forgot to salute his first acquaintance. But that youth was less unmindful. "My deliverer!" said he, accosting him. Alan recovered himself; he excused his embarrassment, by declaring the cause. The young Saracen smiled, and his companion blushed. "It is my brother," said the former.—"Is he mortal?"—exclaimed Alan, "I should rather have taken him for an inhabitant of Paradise!"

The

The person of whom he spoke, seemed now overwhelmed with confusion. "Selim"—said the elder Saracen—"shrinks from praise, even with more than female bashfulness.—For shame," (said he, turning with a laughing air to the timid Selim.) "Rid thee of this effeminacy.—Come, my brave preserver," he continued, "we will hie us to a more retired spot: this place is too liable to observation."

Alan instantly made a sign to his domestic to remain where he was, and then with the two Saracens, proceeded farther into the wood. The apprehensive Gerald, restrained by respect, and yet urged on by fear, could not literally obey his master's command; he contented himself, however, with keeping them still in sight, and approached not near enough to hear their conversation.

Alan and his companions now seated themselves beneath some shady palms, and the elder Saracen addressed him thus.

K. 4.

"Christian,

"Christian, I engaged last night to satisfy thy curiosity; I am now prepared to do so: but first let me offer thee, (what is not in my power to withhold, even if I would) a sincere and perfect amity. I am not ignorant that the badge thou wearest, seems to warn thee from holding any alliance with a person nurtured in the bosom of Islamism; but I tell thee, that though thy faith should urge thee to destroy the life of him whom thou hast once preserved, his gratitude shall render him resistless to thy hostilities, and to thy sword."

"Youth," replied the son of Fitz-Osborne, "I cannot resent thy doubt, because thou art unacquainted with my principles. Didst thou know them better, thou wouldst perceive that the zeal of Alan is honourable, not persecuting; that though armed in the cause of religion, he is alive to the feelings of humanity."

"Pardon

"Pardon me," returned the Saracen.
 "Thou art indeed truly noble; and to prove to thee that I am neither unworthy by my birth or sentiments, of aspiring to thy friendship, know, that I am only son to the Soldan of Egypt—my name Mureddin—almost a Christian in belief, and wholly thy servant."

This disclosure gave Alan equal pleasure, and surprize. "As a follower of Mahomet," said he, "I could have esteemed thee, though deploring thy delusion; judge then, if in finding thee inclined to the true religion, I return not thy amity ten fold? Tell me, I pray thee, illustrious youth, if the principles of this gentle Selim accord with thine?—Methinks I would not have him an unbeliever."

Selim hastily exclaimed in a sweet and eager tone, "No—a Christian!—firmly a Christian!" The purport and the melody of his accents, charmed and affected the heart of our young hero: he pressed

his hand, and regarded him with an eye of speaking admiration. Selim, appearing abashed, drew away his hand. Alan, struck by that action, conceived a thought, which far from displeasing, delighted him. "If," said he, to himself, "if this is the sister of Mureddin, not his brother?"

He recollected the words of Mureddin; he had called himself the only son of the Soldan; conviction flashed upon him; he looked at Selim: the timidity, the confusion, the soft graces of that young person, confirmed him. "It is so," thought he again. "O, my blindness!—How could I fail to discover it?"—This loveliness is all delicate!—all feminine!"

Willing to be assured of what he wished, and yet fearful of disappointment, he turned hesitatingly to Mureddin. "Thou art only son of the Soldan of Egypt," said he, and paused. "How then

then is this thy brother?" added he, faltering.

Mureddin appeared to divert himself with his perplexity. "Said I so?" asked he, after remaining for some time silent. "Thou didst," replied Alan, eagerly. "Perhaps so," resumed Mureddin, "when the heart is strongly interested, the tongue may mistake. I assure thee however, that the parents of this youth are mine—he is also the offspring of the Soldan."

That answer, which neither authorized his hopes, or destroyed them, threw Alan into new doubts. So engrossed was he, by the contemplation of this mystery, that his curiosity on other subjects vanished: he forgot to inquire how Mureddin became acquainted with the English language and the Christian faith. The Mameluke reminded him of his neglect; and waiting not for its amendment, proceeded to inform him in the following words:

"My

"My fire," said he, "after one of the former croisades, was presented with a female slave, of English birth, and exquisite beauty: her accomplishments, and the noble pride with which she supported her captivity, and repulsed his offers, formed a sensible contrast to the unembellished minds, and abject manners of the Asiatic women. My fire, finding her regardless of his power, or his menaces, threw aside the sternness of a master, for the gentleness of a suppliant. His entreaties had more force than his authority: she returned his love, and thou seest before thee the fruits of their union. Still attached to her country, though torn from it for ever, she resolved to instruct her children in the language and manners so dear to her; and thus flattered herself with possessing England even in Cairo. The Soldan, who still idolized her person, prevented not that intention: but though a fond lover, he continued a zealous Mussulman, and

and strictly charged her not to instil into our young minds the tenets of a religion which she ceased not to profess, and which he accounted false. Too much attached to Christianity for obedience, she secretly inspired us with a love for its professors, and a respect for its precepts. By some fatality, Selim, who was younger than I, continued longer under her care. As soon as the years of infancy were passed, I was put under the tuition of persons who were appointed to train me in warlike exercises, and to instruct me in the law of the Prophet. A few moons since, our mother fell ill of a disorder which threatened speedy death; she desired to see me, and I was conducted to her presence. "My son," (said she, in a weak voice, and motioning her attendant slaves to withdraw) "come near—receive the last sighs of a dying parent." I approached the sofa where she lay, in a mournful silence; the slaves retired, and she resumed. "My son,

see

see with what resignation I bow my head to the inevitable stroke: Knowest thou the spring of my serenity?—I am a Christian!—Comprehend, and believe!—Behold,” added she, pointing to Selim; “behold thy guide to salvation!” A fatal pang interrupted her words; she breathed no more. When the first violence of filial sorrow had subsided, a recollection of the past scene filled my mind with doubts and confusion. Mindful of my mother’s words, I required Selim to resolve these doubts. The Koran had till then been the director of my sentiments and conduct. Selim’s reasonings staggered my confidence in its precepts: I began to discover absurdities, where I had before seen nothing but perfection.

While I continued in this state, the Soldan, for a particular purpose determined to send Selim to Syria. Unwilling to be separated from a person I so tenderly loved, I besought, and obtained my sire’s permission

permission to bear him company. We arrived in the court of the Sultan of Babylon—followed him into Palestine—were present at the siege of Acon—and finally took refuge within the walls of Joppa, after the defeat of his army by the Christians.

The unoffending observers of that religion, who till that time had resided there in peace and security, then felt the effects of the Sultan's ill fortune. Inflamed with persecuting rage, he dyed the streets of Joppa with blood and slaughter. Selim, who possessed the art of subduing his relentless soul, on the first tidings of those cruelties, employed his intercessions for the miserable: amongst the persons whom he had the happiness to rescue from the stroke of the executioner, was an aged and venerable hermit; the sanctity of whose manners had inspired even Mussulmen with respect. He had inhabited this forest during many years, and subsisted on the gifts of the pious and
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the charitable, of his own persuasion, Selim obtained a remission of his sentence, and an assurance of security from any future molestation. He returned to his retirement. We have since frequently resorted to him, and his arguments have added strength to Selim's; my attachment to the opinions of Islamism, are considerably weakened; in fine, as I have already said, I am almost a Christian."

Mureddin paused, and seemed to wait for Alan's observations on his recital. That youth, whose doubts had been rather augmented than diminished, by the words of his new friend, was in no condition to make any: he ceased not to gaze at this wondrous Selim, who yet in the first bloom of youth, had become the minister of conversion, and softened the cruelty of a tyrant. He pondered on the foregoing relation. On considering it again, he found fresh matter for concluding that Selim was indeed a female, and
his

his heart confessed her to be the most lovely of her sex.

Mureddin called him from his reverie by speaking again. "In a visit I made two nights since," said he, "to my venerable instructor, I perceived one of those ruffians, from whom thy arm preserved me, at the verge of the wood. Confiding in the truce, I regarded not the scrutinizing air with which he beheld me; but I now conclude, that my defenceless state, and the richness of my habit, at once awakened his avarice, and induced him to believe I should become an easy prey. Thanks to the powerful Alla, and thy valour, his hopes, and those of his base companions were frustrated. Selim, to whom I described my danger and my deliverer, became inspired with a strong desire to behold the hero, who had rescued his brother from so terrible a fate. Now, thou hast seen him," continued he, turning to that lovely person, "were my praises too highly coloured?

loured?—Are thy expectations disappointed?”

“O no! but strongly surpassed!” replied Selim; and then, as if confused at the ardency of the expression, he bent his love inspiring eyes to the ground. Alan, still more convinced that his suspicions were well founded, could scarcely prevent himself from declaring them. At the moment he opened his lips to ask the question:——“Is Selim indeed thy brother?” respect restrained him; he considered that natural modesty, united to Asiatic reserve, would be offended by the inquiry; delicacy bridled his impatience, but his looks, less guarded than his tongue, too plainly manifested what his silence would have concealed. The young Egyptian shrunk beneath his piercing regards: but that bashfulness seemed unmingled with displeasure, and frequently did a half-stolen glance prove to the son of Fitz-Osborne, that he inspired the admiration he experienced.

Mureddin.

Mureddin now turned to Selim; "We must go, my brother," said he. "Perhaps thy absence may give cause of distrust;" "But first," added he, addressing Alan, "let me know the name of my deliverer, and renew to him my assurances of unalterable friendship."

"I am called Fitz-Osborne," replied the youth, "and with my whole heart do I return thy amity—But I would have Selim included. Am I too importunate?—Will this amiable person accept my warmest esteem, and extend to me some share of his?"

"Can he with-hold it from so much worthiness?" exclaimed Selim. Mureddin smiled mysteriously: he quickly assumed a graver air, and bidding Alan farewell, promised to meet him the following day in the same spot. Then taking Selim by the hand, they both departed, leaving our young hero in a mixt tumult of perplexity and pleasure.

Gerald,

Gerald, with anxious apprehension, had waited the event of this conversation. The tales that had amused his infancy, then served to distract his imagination. He recollected all the fables he had heard—shuddered at the horrible images his own fancy pictured, and expected to see them realized every passing moment.

The peaceable departure of the Saracens relieved him from the weight of his terror. He now advanced to his master, congratulated him on his safety, and besought him to quit the forest without delay.

Alan, plunged in thought, neither answered or arose. This silence again recalled all Gerald's fears; he imagined that his master laboured under the influence of a necromantic spell, which restrained his speech. Full of this idea, he uttered a loud cry.—“Blind and fatal temerity!” he exclaimed, “Why were the counsels of Gerald disregarded? These curst magicians!—have they de-
prived

prived thee of understanding too, as well as language ?”

Alan, aroused from his musing by these simple words, which at once inspired him with mirth and pity, hastened to relieve his domestic by speaking. “Heaven be praised !” cried the transported Gerald, “I hear thy accents once more !—My master, let us quit this gloomy place ; the wizards may return a second time ; they may be less harmless.”

Alan interrupted him. “What chimeras are those that disturb thee ?” said he. “What wizards dost thou speak of ?” “Perhaps,” (returned Gerald, somewhat abashed) “my fears are groundless ;—but, my master, where thou art concerned—” He paused—Alan, penetrated by his affection, forgot all thoughts of ridicule, and determined to satisfy and compose him, by a recital of Mu-reddin’s disclosure. While they returned slowly to the Christian camp, he made
this

this relation ; described the young Selim in glowing colours, but hinted not his doubts. Gerald, now perfectly at ease, far from attempting to dissuade his master from the interview of the following day, felt himself interested, by curiosity, rather to forward than oppose it.

Alan spent that night in restless conjectures. “ The lovely sister of Mureddin.” His wishes and his judgment gave Selim that appellation ; it trembled repeatedly on his lips ; his imagination entertained no other idea, and his heart looked forward to no greater good. Sometimes a rising fear would interrupt the progress of his hopes. “ Will the daughter of the Soldan,” said he, “ forget her rank to favour the humble Alan ? will Mureddin allow his suit ?—Ah ! too sure—” While he spoke, the enthusiasm of new-born passion chased the apprehension, and cut short the sentence. “ Does not the time approach,” resumed he more confidently, “ when the prohibition

hibition of Alice shall be withdrawn?—when Alan may again recover the rights, of which treachery has deprived him?—Then, not unworthy of this fair one's notice, perhaps he shall be heard without repugnance, answered with condescension." He pursued the idea; drew a thousand air-built schemes; at one time applauded them as certain; at another rejected them as vain. Alternately did the assurance of love, and the modesty of his nature contend for victory; one bidding him regard those expectations as just, which the other condemned as presumptions.

When the hour of appointment drew nigh, he repaired to the wood of Joppa, attended by his squire. Mureddin soon met them, but his punctuality ill consoled Alan for the absence of Selim, whom he beheld not; and forgetting to answer the salutation of his friend, he cast his eyes eagerly round the forest, with an involuntary expectation of finding the object
which

which he sought. Mureddin, instead of chiding his neglect, accosted him with an air of pleasantry, and smiling, inquired what he looked for. The question confused Alan. He murmured the name of Selim; hesitated; again attempted to speak, and again relapsed into silence. "I shall be jealous of this brother," resumed the Mameluke; "I fear he holds higher place than Mureddin, in thy esteem; however, usurper as he is, I will account to thee for his absence."

In saying this, he motioned to Alan to follow him; they went to the spot of their former conference, and again seated themselves beneath the palms. "Tell me," said Alan, no longer able to correct his impatience, "Tell me, I pray thee, by our new sworn amity—" he paused: "What would my deliverer require?" asked Mureddin. "Perhaps," returned the youth irresolutely, "my words may meet thy displeasure?" "Can I feel anger against my preserver?" exclaimed Mureddin.

Mureddin. "But I will save thee from a confusion, of which I already guess the cause. Thou doubtest that Selim is my brother?" "Most true," replied the youth, "another tie"—"Yes, noble Christian," interrupted the Saracen, "I will not keep thee longer in suspense; another tie does hold us in alliance. That person, whom I have still called Selim, is indeed my sister, her name Zulima."

"O powerful Heaven!" exclaimed the son of Fitz-Osborne. Mureddin, not seeming to heed the interruption, continued his discourse. "I will now acquaint thee," said he, "with the matter that brought Zulima to Syria. The fame of her beauty had reached the ear of Selim, Sultan of Babylon: this monarch, naturally amorous, was inflamed by the description, and ardently desired to possess himself of what was delineated as so perfect. He dispatched messengers to Egypt, with directions to demand the alliance of the Soldan, if they discovered that same

had not been too lavish in the praises of Zulima. These messengers were soon convinced that report had rather diminished than exaggerated the number of her beauties. They performed the business with which they were entrusted, and the Soldan gave a ready assent to their demand. My sister deplored this event with unceasing tears: her reluctance sprang from piety alone: Selim was described to her by the Soldan, as young, powerful, and possessed of all personal accomplishments; but he was a zealous Moslem, and a bitter persecutor of Christianity. Her entreaties and her tears were equally unavailing. The Soldan gave her notice to prepare for her journey to Syria, and she was forced to comply. I, who loved her with an extremity of tenderness, already inclined to her faith, and moved by her sorrow, persuaded our sire, that I entertained an ardent wish to behold distant countries, and obtained

tained his permission to accompany her to her elected spouse. Selim, on seeing Zulima, became deeply enamoured ; but finding her cold to his love, and averse to his vows ; from a delicacy peculiar to true passion, deferred the celebration of his nuptials ; hoping that time, and his assiduities, might at length induce her to give him her heart without restraint. Zulima, pleased by his behaviour, regarded him more favourably, but still with various artifices eluded giving an absolute assent to his hopes. In this state were her inclinations and his love, when he advanced to besiege Acon. The defeat of that enterprize, banished all soft ideas, for persecuting rage. It was then that my sister, by her intercession, saved the pious inhabitant of the wood of Joppa ; whose arguments and pleadings have since rendered me still more inclined to Christianity, and averse to the law of Mahomet."

“ And why dost thou hesitate, “ interrupted Alan, “ to embrace with thy whole heart, truths so evident, so clear ? ”

“ My reason (replied Mureddin) assents, but habitual prejudices are not readily effaced. I conjecture,” he added, smiling, “ that the preserver of my person will conquer the irresolution of my mind ; and unite me to him in the principles of faith, as already in the hands of friendship.”

Alan, at that moment seemed inattentive to his words. After musing for a while, he suddenly exclaimed—“ Is not Zulima become less insensible ? Does she not forget that Selim is the enemy of her faith, in considering his tenderness and submission ? ” “ Her sentiments towards him,” replied Mureddin, “ continue unchanged. She ceases not to deplore the fatal necessity, which will oblige her to give her hand to a person whose principles she abhors.”

“ And

“And is this necessity unavoidable?” exclaimed Alan. “I begin to think otherwise;” replied the Egyptian. “But come, my friend, another time I will be more explicit. Let me now introduce thee to the holy person, who has laboured so much for my conversion—Wilt thou trust thyself to my care?” “Most willingly,” replied the son of Fitz-Osborne, giving him his hand. They arose; the young Egyptian led him farther into the forest. They arrived at a lonely spot, where stood a hermitage, constructed with rude, yet not displeasing architecture, of the roots of trees, cemented with clay and moss. On one side bloomed a small garden, filled with vegetable store; and at the entrance of the simple dwelling was placed a bench of matted reeds, on which reclined a venerable figure, who seemed immersed so deeply in contemplation, that he perceived not their approach.

Alan, struck with veneration and respect, thought he beheld the counterpart

of Montmorency, and could scarce restrain himself from rushing forward, and imploring his benediction. Mureddin went nearer to the hermit. He raised his head and saluted the Mameluke, with an expression of benignity and pleasure. Alan now advanced. The hermit no sooner perceived him, than he started, arose, and seated himself again, with all the marks of a strong agitation. "It is my deliverer, the brave Christian whom I told thee of," said Mureddin. The hermit regarded him with encreasing emotion. "'Tis strange!" exclaimed he, breathing a deep sigh, and putting his hand to his breast. His auditors heard him with surprise. "Appearances are often deceitful," he resumed, composing himself, and saluting the son of Fitz-Osborne with an air of kindness.

All three now entered the hermitage; and the hermit seating his guests on a temporary couch of fresh gathered leaves, took from a rustic shelf a small vessel of
palm

palm wine, and some dried dates and almonds, which he set before them, with hospitable entreaties to partake of his homely, but refreshing viands.

As they were engaged in chearful converse, Mureddin chanced to address Alan, by the name of Fitz-Osborne. At that sound all the hermit's agitation returned. He looked eagerly at the youth.—“Art thou the Earl of Fitz-Osborne?” said he, faltering. “No,” replied Alan, “I am but his kinsman—Pious man, knowest thou aught of the house of Fitz-Osborne?”

“Once I was not uninterested in its welfare,” returned the hermit, somewhat more composed.—“But say, what character bears the present Earl?”

Alan cast down his eyes, with an air of confusion, but replied not. His silence seemed to grieve the hermit.—“Then he is unworthy?” said he, in a concerned tone. “Not so worthy as he should be,” replied Alan. “His sire's example was useless then,” said the hermit, indignant-

ly.—“ Ah! base recreant, should not the name he inherited, have served as a perpetual monitor to warn him from disgracing it ?” These words were followed by a long and pensive pause. At length he seemed to recover his former ease, and they conversed with the same cheerfulness as before.

The discourse turned on points of faith; Alan treated these topics with such a strength of understanding and discretion, as delighted the hermit, and gradually diminished the remaining doubts of the Egyptian. The speeding hours called upon them at length to separate. Father Anselm, (by that appellation was the hermit known) on taking leave of his guests, besought Alan, with much warmth of entreaty, to pursue his work, and repeat his visit. The youth promised to comply, and with the Egyptian, proceeded within a few paces of the spot where they had left Gerald.

Here

Here Mureddin stopped. "Our interviews must be frequent," said he. "Thou art the brother of my soul, and my guide to truth. While the duration of the truce allows us to meet in safety, I conjure thee, turn thy steps often to the wood of Joppa, and thy expecting friend."

"Will Zulima come no more?" said the youth mournfully. "I know not," returned the Egyptian, "whether modesty will not retain her, when she learns that her sex is revealed to thee." "And why need she learn it?" cried Alan, eagerly. "True," replied the Egyptian. "I will observe thy hint, and Zulima shall still be Selim, when thou seest her next."

This answer transported Alan, but his countenance soon assumed an air of sadness. Mureddin inquired from whence it proceeded. "Alas!" replied Alan, "I am courting my own unhappiness. I will reveal my thoughts; pardon their

presumptuous tenor :—this beauteous Zulima.”—

“ Spare thyself the pain of telling what I have already discovered,” interrupted the young Mameluke. “ Yes, my friend, I yesterday perceived the emotions with which the sight of Zulima inspired thee.”

“ And dost thou not resent ?” cried Alan. “ No, my friend,” resumed Mureddin, “ I do not resent, but approve ; thou art a Christian and a hero—Thou art worthy of Zulima, and she of thee ; if her heart is not more averse to thy suit, than that of Mureddin, thou hast no cause to fear for its success.”

“ O generous friend !” exclaimed the son of Fitz-Osborne, “ how have I merited thy kindness ? But Zulima, the daughter of the Soldan, the elected Queen of a mighty Monarch—can she descend from that proud height ?”

“ Vain height, and vain distinctions !” answered Mureddin. “ Are not those of
virtue

virtue and of piety superior? At the moment, when after our first encounter, I appointed to meet thee again, my thoughts pointed thee out for the spouse of Zulima. To bring about my design, I painted thee to her, as my gratitude and truth inspired. She became inflamed with eager curiosity: I encouraged her wish to see thee, and trusted in the effect of her charms. I will now inform thee, that the Sultan, grown impatient of her reserve, is become importunate, and menaces that he will no longer wait for a consent, which appears every hour more distant, but take the advantage of his own power, and our sire's will, to possess himself by force of a happiness which he cannot obtain by persuasion."

"Ah! the insolent!" cried Alan, "dares he menace Zulima?" "To confess a truth to thee," replied Mureddin, "his threats and tenderness for my sister, induced me, almost equally with thy merits, to fix on a protector more suitable

to,

to her inclinations, both by his endowments and religion. I felt a secret pleasure in the idea of humbling this haughty monarch in his dearest hopes, from the moment he presumed to insult the blood of the Mamelukes, by his proud threatenings. Add too, that his bigotry, and his cruelty, confirmed my anger, and enforced my design."

"O sweet hope!" cried Alan, "I will welcome, I will cherish thee! But soft—is not this the illusion of some pleasing dream? Seems it not contrary to reality, that Mureddin, the heir of a powerful empire, should with such unparalleled generosity, take the humble Alan to his friendship; destine him to an unheard of happiness; yet unknowing whether his birth may not be obscure, or his qualities undeserving."

"I will confess," answered Mureddin, "that thy doubts seem just, and that my conduct wears a face of imprudence; nay, when I consider it myself, I am led

to

to conclude the same. But youth, a secret impulse urges me on, I cannot controul it, I cannot cease to regard thee, as a person of dignified birth, and many virtues ; thou art also a Christian—I am now wholly so. To that name the son of the Soldan, appears comparatively mean.”

“ Perhaps,” replied Alan, with an air of modest dignity, “ thy confidence may not be misplaced.”—He paused ; he considered it was not yet time to disclose the events of his life. After a silence of some moments, he turned again to the Saracen, and proposed to meet him the following day at father Anselm’s hermitage. Mureddin eagerly assented ; they made one another fresh professions of esteem, and departed each his several way. Mureddin took the path which led to Joppa, and Alan rejoined his squire, with whom he returned to the camp.

The sensations of our hero were now exquisitely delightful. His glowing imagination

gination hung upon the charms of Zulima : he recalled her looks, her timidity, her enchanting softness ; confessed her to excel what he could have conceived of female perfection, and blessed Heaven for creating her so lovely. The idea of Gertrude suddenly intruded itself on his memory ; he sighed ; accused himself of ingratitude, in suffering that heart, which had resisted her benefits, to be subdued by one, who had not an equal claim. But love, facile in excusing its own caprices, soon gave him other thoughts.

The ensuing evening carried him to the hermit's cell. He found Mureddin, and the still disguised Zulima, already there. Confiding in her assumed character, the pretended Selim, though not without kindling blushes, thanked the son of Fitz-Osborne for vanquishing Mureddin's doubts.

Alan, thrown off his guard, by the sweetness of her acknowledgment, exclaimed in a tone of rapture—"What glory,

glory, what happiness is mine, since Zulima approves!" At these words, confused by his own temerity, he bent his eyes fearfully to the ground.

Zulima cast a glance of reproach at her brother: far from seeming disconcerted at the incident, it appeared to give him more pleasure, than apprehension. "My sister," said he, smiling, "forgive;—I have betrayed thee, but not from any ill intent." Zulima overwhelmed with confusion, made no reply.

"Friend," said Mureddin—"I have to quarrel with thy indiscretion; however, forgetting my own resentment, I will plead for thee here. My sister," continued he, "banish thy anger, or reserve it for more sufficient cause." "Ah deceiver!" interrupted the daughter of the Soldan; she paused. Mureddin took advantage of her irresolution; he embraced her. Her gentleness could retain no resentment; she pronounced his pardon, and

and he called on Alan to share in their reconciliation.

That youth bent his knee to Zulima; "Fairest of the human race," cried he, in faltering accents, "most lovely!—most respected!—behold me, a willing victim to thy displeasure—if thou canst entertain any for an involuntary offence."

"Arise," said the confused Zulima, "If thy offence was involuntary, it merits not displeasure."

The pardon rendered him heedless of the command: He continued still in his former posture, gazing in the face of her who spoke, with enamoured glances. At length his admiration expressed itself in words: He gave vent to the rapturous effusions of his heart, and less guarded than ever, hinted the cause from which they sprung. The gracefulness of his attitude, the fire of his eyes, and the eloquence of his tongue, sufficient to melt obduracy itself, failed not to make an impression on the soul of Zulima; but actuated

tuated by the pride of modesty, she concealed her sensations under the veil of pretended displeasure.

Thus passed this interview. Many succeeding meetings bound Alan yet more strongly in the soft chains of love, and Mureddin, at length obliged his sister to confess, that she was neither insensible to his merits, or his passion. The son of the Soldan, afterwards informed his friend, that Selim exasperated, by the ill-success of his submission, had already, (in spite of Zulima's tears and reluctance) fixed the very day on which the truce should expire, for the solemnization of his nuptials.

“There now,” continued he, “remains but one resource to save my sister from misery.—Swear to become her spouse, and we will escape with thy assistance to the English camp. There thou mayest fulfil thy vow, and a large treasure shall await thy acceptance.—For me, I will quit for ever the hopes of empire,
and

and the pride of command; thy faith is already mine, thy country shall be mine also. I will relinquish the vain ambition of ruling over a nation of slaves, to become subject to a government where civilization and liberty go hand in hand. Thy friendship shall be to me, in the stead of authority:—Thy society, and that of Zulima, my requital for deserting barbarous splendor and uncouth magnificence.”

“O Mureddin!” cried Alan, giving him a glance of gratitude; “What language can express my acknowledgments?—But Zulima—does she too ratify thy words?”

“The will of Mureddin is mine;” answered the blushing lady.

It was enough; Alan experienced all the exquisite feelings of a favoured lover. He turned again to the son of the Soldan. “I will repay thy generous confidence,” said he, “by my sincerity.—Approaching night now bids us separate; but on
to”

to-morrow's eve I will relate to thee the particulars of my life with a scrupulous exactitude. From that recital thou mayest judge whether I deserve thy alliance and esteem. Thou wilt learn that misfortune frowned upon my infant days; that though treachery (if I err not) has fixed a stain upon my birth, meanness or vice have never discoloured my actions, or defiled my thoughts." At these words he bade Mureddin, Zulima, and father Anselm farewell, and left them impressed with fresh admiration of his nobleness.

But the execution of the promise was suspended by an incident which affected our hero with the sincerest sorrow and disquiet. On the very morn of that day, the close of which had been appointed for his narration, the life of Edward, his master and his friend, was exposed to the most imminent danger. Some short time before, a person had arrived at the English camp, with letters, which he asserted,

asserted, were written by the Sultan of Babylon, and which contained proposals for a negotiation, on terms seemingly the most advantageous to the Christian cause. The Prince, unsuspecting deceit in what bore so fair an appearance, demanded time to consider of these proposals; and mean while suffered the messenger, who was conversant in the French language, to have free admittance to his presence at all hours. He had in reality no commission from the Sultan, but was one of that tribe, known by the name of Assassins, who inhabited an inaccessible mountain in Syria, and were subject to the sway of a gloomy enthusiast, called by the Christians, the Old Man of the Mountain.

Resolute to destroy, and fearless of danger, he had sworn to accomplish the death of a Prince, who was deservedly the terror of the Mahometans; and blinded by furious zeal, expected to attain eternal

eternal happiness by the commitment of so flagitious an action.

Alan, willing to indulge himself in contemplation, had retired to a small distance from the camp, and was engaged in deep reflection; when Gerald, running towards him with an air of consternation, cried out that the Prince was murdered. At that dreadful sound, all recollection of Zulima, of Mureddin, and his intended recital vanished. Striking his hands together in distraction, he waited not to inquire particulars, but flew with the speed of the wind to Edward's tent. To what a pitch was his affliction increased to see his royal friend bleeding, and extended on a couch; while the melancholy looks of his attendants, and the piercing cries of Eleonora, gave every reason to apprehend the most fatal event.

The extremity of Alan's grief, deprived him of speech or motion: He stood silent and immovable, his countenance impressed with the pallid hue of horror,

horror, and his eyes almost bursting from their sockets. The Prince perceived him. "My Knight," said he faintly, making him a sign to approach. Alan, aroused, ran forward, and threw himself beside the couch. Still were his emotions too violent for language; he seized the Prince's hand, pressed it to his lips, crossed his own upon his breast, and sobbed aloud.

"My young friend," said Edward, in a soothing voice, "take courage; Heaven's high behest is not to be disputed or set aside by the vain clamours of mortality. I die in the midst of a glorious career; in the zenith of reputation, and the fullness of renown. The actions of my life have been so directed, that I look forward to the moment of its loss, without dread or repugnance. Youth, I confide equally in the mercy, and the equity of my Judge." "But thy survivors—" exclaimed Alan.

"True,"

"True," replied the Prince, "my beloved—" He looked at the agonized Eleonora. "To thee," said he, addressing the son of Fitz-Osborne, "I commit the charge of alleviating her sorrow."—"And who shall give *me* comfort?" interrupted Alan. "O my royal master, is there no hope, no shadow of relief?"—"My wound would be trifling in itself," replied the Prince, "had it not been inflicted by a poisoned dagger."

Alan started! He recollected that father Anselm had mentioned an herb of healing quality in such cases, which he cultivated for charitable purposes. Without speaking his intention, he arose, rushed out of the tent, and sought Gerald, whom he commanded to get his steed in readiness on the instant. This was no sooner done, than he mounted, and rode with incredible swiftness to the wood of Joppa; hastened to the hermitage, communicated in a few words the accident that had happened, and his demand.

Father

Father Anselm quickly provided him with the herb, which he again affirmed to be an infallible remedy, and gave him instructions how to apply it. Alan, not waiting to thank him, grasped it eagerly, again mounted his horse, and in still less time than he had taken in coming, returned to the camp.

He entered the tent of the Prince immediately. "He shall not die!" cried he, in a mingled tone of joy and wildness, holding out his hand. "I bear him health and life!" So saying, he produced the remedy, declared its powers, and commanded the wound to be opened, with an air of authority, which at once manifested his confidence, and his love.

Edward, touched by his affection, desired the surgeons who attended him, to comply with his Knight's injunction.—The wound was opened: Alan inspected it, and following father Anselm's instructions in applying the salve, ordered every person present to retire, and leave the patient

patient to repose. Eleonora, who till then had continued seemingly inattentive to the passing scene, now suddenly caught Alan's arm. "Wilt thou save him?" cried she, "Wilt thou save my adored spouse?—Blessings, eternal blessings on thy pious care!"—Alan respectfully cautioned her to keep silence. With a speaking look of heart-felt gratitude, and kindling hope, she complied; seated herself on the couch, and supported her consort's head on her knees. Alan meanwhile, placed himself near; attentively watching the effects of his remedy. In a short time the Prince, who at first seemed to feel excessive pain, became gradually composed; and at length sunk into a quiet and refreshing slumber.

The former tumult of the camp had now subsided into the stillness of suspense. The soldiers thronging around the tent of their beloved commander, waited in fixed and mournful attitudes the moment when their anxiety should

be resolved. No sound was to be heard, save now and then a whispering ejaculation, and a half-stifled sob.

At length, after many hours had elapsed, the Prince awoke. Alan eagerly inquired whether his royal patient found himself free from lassitude or pain? Edward replied in the affirmative; and the inquirer, forgetful of his own cautions, set up a shout of joy. This was instantly re-echoed by the expecting multitude without. The officers and soldiers (regardless of distinctions) mingling promiscuously, pressed over one another to the door of the tent, with tumultuous clamour. Alan, now reminded of his imprudence, by the emotions of the Prince, went forward, and at the same time that he encouraged their hopes, re-urged the necessity of silence. In a few days, (during which no other ideas had entered his imagination, than those which concerned the object before him)

him) he pronounced his patient wholly free from danger.

These words were received as the immediate fiat of divinity. An unbounded joy took place of exhausting grief. The camp resounded with exclamations of gladness; and the soldiers, thronging around Alan, saluted him as their preserver, hailed him as the favoured of Heaven, and devoured him with their looks.

Eleonora, (in whose countenance grief yet strove with satisfaction, for the mastery) could scarcely believe the certainty of an event which promised her such rapture. She gazed earnestly at her consort; watched every turn of his features, and still appeared to doubt of what she wished the most.

Alan had now leisure for the concerns of his love. He recollected his breach of promise, but the cause prevented him from lamenting it; he trusted too in father Anselm's kindness to excuse him

for that unavoidable neglect, and took the first moment of Edward's confirmed health to repair to the cell. Beyond his hopes, he found Mureddin and Zuhma already there. The young lover threw himself at the feet of his mistress, and had no difficulty in procuring pardon, for what she deemed rather deserving of praise than repentment.

Mureddin then inquired into the particulars of the late horrible attempt. "My royal master," replied Alan, "was sitting in a retired apartment of his tent, alone, and unarmed, enjoying the refreshing breeze, when the infidel (who had free admittance at all seasons) entered. Intent on his detestable design, he looked eagerly around; when finding no person present to prevent him, he advanced, pulled a dagger from his breast, and attempted to pierce the sacred bosom of my Prince. He, ever resolute, brave, and prudent, saw the miscreant's intention, and raising his arm, received on it
the

the stroke, which had been aimed at a more vital part. Perceiving the assassin about to repeat the blow, he struck him suddenly to the ground, and wresting the dagger from him, buried it in his breast. His attendants now hearing the noise, rushed in and dispatched the already expiring traitor, to the reward of his perfidy."

Here Alan ended; and his auditors manifesting satisfaction at the happy event of what had promised so terrible a conclusion, congratulated the reciter on the share he bore in preserving a person to whom he was attached by the united ties of loyalty and esteem.

Father Anselm now reminded him of a promise, which the delicacy of Muredin and Zulima would not have exacted. The youth prepared to perform it, but at the moment he was going to begin, the fate of Matilda, at once obscure, afflicting, and full of horror, rushed upon his memory. "My mother!" cried he,

in a voice of emotion, "how long shalt thou be unavenged?" His auditors waited with eager curiosity till he should speak again. At length, with more composure in his looks, and greater ease in his delivery, he commenced his narration.

"I am born of a house," said he, "which honour, wealth and virtue have contributed to render illustrious and respected." "True," interrupted the hermit; he paused, and the youth resumed.

"My fire degenerated not from the qualities of his progenitors; yet was his fame contaminated with one stain, which I have cause to think reached not to his heart, but had its origin in the deceitful artifices of another. That stain extends to me." "And who," cried father Anselm, again interrupting, "who was this traitor?" "One, whom I blush to name," replied Alan; "his nearest kinsman—his most approved confidant—even his brother!"

"Ha!

"Ha! take heed," cried the hermit, angrily, "the person of whom thou speakest—I knew!—His soul was unacquainted with deceit!" "Pious man!" continued Alan, "I know not why thou shouldst undertake his defence; but I have myself received indications of his vileness, and I have learned strong presumptions of his guilt." "Guilt!" cried the hermit, yet more indignantly, "I swear thy words are false!"

Alan, moved with shame and resentment, by this injurious charge, looked at Mureddin and Zulima; perceived them struck with astonishment, and regarding him with equal scrutiny. This appearance redoubled his anger; but he considered the age of the accuser, and restrained himself from expressing it.

While these three persons continued a prey to different, yet distressing sensations, the hermit appeared to regain more temper. "Pardon me, youth," said he, "I thought my affections wean-

ed from all human occurrences, but I find myself still subject to the passions of mortality. Forgive the rudeness of my words—Perhaps,” he added, hastily, “thy assertion was not unjust—but that person—” He paused, and again resumed—“Pursue thy narration, youth—I will not interrupt it more.”

Alan could not so readily compose his thoughts; yet eager to exculpate himself to Mureddin and Zulima, from the charge of falsehood, he continued his discourse, though still agitated and embarrassed.

“Alan Fitz-Osborne, my fire—” resumed he. “Merciful Heaven!” exclaimed father Anselm, grasping his hand, “art thou—say art thou son of Alan Fitz-Osborne?” “I am,” returned the youth. “Holy man, I thought thou wert not unacquainted with my parentage.” “Too sure I was!” cried the hermit, grasping his hand still harder than before. “Thou, the son of Alan Fitz-Osborne?”

Osborne?—Speak!—confirm the words!

—O, Eternal Disposer of events—do my senses fail me?—Is this an illusion?”

Alan, strongly affected, knelt before the hermit. “Some mystery labours under thy expressions,” cried he. “Pious man, I know not why, but my heart bounds at thy accents—Relieve my suspense, I pray thee!—tell me how thou art interested for Alan Fitz-Osborne, or his offspring?”

“Most nearly!—most highly!” exclaimed the hermit, folding him in his trembling arms. “He thou namest, looks at thee!—speaks to thee!—embraces thee!—My son! behold thy father!”

“O, Heaven!” cried Alan, in a suffocated voice, “my sire!—does he live?—and art thou he?” Another embrace assured him. Tears filled his eyes.

“That name, so tender,” cried he, “that name so long unknown—O, my father!—why so long concealed?”

Fitz-Osborne, who had held him strained to his breast in silent transport, now started, and loosed his hold. "Knowest thou not the dire—the shameful cause?" said he, indignantly. "My father!" cried Alan, tenderly, look more kindly on thy son, so lately found—Can he have already merited thy displeasure?"

"O no!" returned Fitz-Osborne, a gush of tears bedewing his time-worn cheeks—"O no!" said he, renewing his endearments—"my son!—my pride!—my blessing!—how couldst thou offend me?—Bitter remembrance alone—perhaps thou knowest not—O torturing recollection!" added he, again relapsing into his former attitude. "My father!" said Alan, hanging on his arm, with mingled looks of pity, affection and suspense. Fitz-Osborne could not resist those looks; he folded him again to his bosom, and they continued some moments absorbed in all the melting sensations of parental and
and

and filial love. Mureddin and Zulima beheld this scene with wonder and emotion. Drops of sensibility dimmed the beautiful eyes of the fair Saracen. In that moment the feelings of Alan seemed her own; she felt as if she had discovered a parent too. Her bosom heaved with exquisite, yet painful pleasure; she held her breath, lest the (at once tender and awful) effusions of nature should be interrupted.

At length, the Earl, raising his head gently from the shoulder of Alan, broke this affecting silence.—“My son,” said he, looking fondly at him—“My son, what happiness have I denied myself, in knowing thee no sooner!—But soft, didst thou not say another possessed the title of which thou, in case of my supposed demise, wert only rightful heir?—Who is this usurper?” “Walter Fitz-Osborne,” replied Alan. “My brother!” exclaimed the Earl; “my brother!” repeated he again. Alan bent his knee—“Am I indeed

indeed thy rightful heir?" said he in an earnest tone: "or does a prior claim to that of Matilda De Burgh subvert this right? The stain of illegitimacy has been affixed to my birth.—It remains to thee to declare if justly."

The name of Matilda seemed to bring back to the Earl all his former sternness: but the attitude of his son, the purport of his question, and above all, his supplicating looks, soon changed that expression into one of mixed tenderness and perplexity.—"I am ignorant why thou inquirest," said he, "but know that thou art as truly the heir of Fitz-Osborne, as thy mother—She thou namest Matilda De Burgh—O torture!—was undeserving of such a son as thee!"

"Matilda undeserving?—My father, correct thy words."—"I tell thee she was false! disloyal! an adulteress!" cried the Earl, fiercely.—

"Respected shade!" exclaimed Alan, (starting from his kneeling posture)

"Blest

"Blest and sainted spirit! give to thy defender's lips, the gift of persuasive truth; let conviction seal his words, and clear thy fame!" In concluding this apostrophe, he put the tablets of Matilda into the Earl's hand.

He started, trembled, opened them apprehensively, and on seeing the characters of the Countess, uttered a loud cry, and let the tablets drop. Alan respectfully replaced them in his hands.—

"To what purpose," said he, in extreme agitation, "to what purpose dost thou give me these?" Alan knelt again. "My father," said he, embracing the Earl's knees, "peruse the words of Matilda; they will inform thee of her truth, and Walter's falshood." Fitz-Osborne, still irresolute, now looked at the tablets, and then averted his eyes. At length, grasping them firmly, and forcing himself into resolution, he read the pious prayer of his injured consort to the end. No sooner had he concluded it, than he
threw

threw himself prostrate on the ground, with manifestations of horror and despair. Alan, and the two Saracens attempted to raise and sooth him: he resisted their efforts—"Leave me to die!" cried he, in a frantic tone.—"If Matilda be innocent—O God, can aught but death assuage my torments?"

Anguish now stopped his utterance: deep and heart-rending groans issued from his furcharged bosom; he tore his reverend hairs, and clasping his hands together in mute agony, seemed for a while to have forgot all sensation in the extremity of woe. At length his torpor vanished—"This recreant!—this deceiver!—this infernal machinator!" cried he, wildly; "give him to my rage! "My father," said Alan, embracing him, he is a victim due to my sword—the arm of Alan shall avenge his parents!"

"Avenge, didst thou say?" exclaimed the Earl, "What vengeance can pay me for these pangs? But say—distract-
ing

ing doubts! either way I rush on ill—
 hast thou proofs of Walter's faithhood?—
 My brother—my chosen friend—did he
 deceive me?—Was the guilt his own, of
 which he accused Matilda?—These lines
 —weak testimony!”—

“Be composed, my father,” replied
 Alan, “and I will tell thee all of which
 I have attained the knowledge.” At these
 words he took the hands of the agitated
 Earl in his, and detaining them with a
 tender force, again resumed the narration
 of his life. Fitz-Osborne listened to the
 tale with increased disturbance in his
 looks, but did not interrupt it. Our hero,
 passing over the love of Gertrude, and
 the story of Montmoreney, concluded
 with an account of his last interview with
 Alice, her disclosure, and the appearance
 of his mother's shade.

The Earl at that period, no longer able
 to constrain himself, gave vent to a thou-
 sand cries of sorrow, and imprecations of
 vengeance. “My son,” said he at
 length,

length, "I thought to have quitted society for ever; but I will re-enter it for the purpose of revenge—The traitor shall be branded with shame—Conviction shall overwhelm him; and then shall my arm draw the black blood from his detested heart!—I will this night accompany thee to the Christian camp, and implore the justice of Edward."

Alan approved, and confirmed the resolution. He would then know from his fire, what accident had given rise to the report of his death, and what motives had induced him to conceal himself so carefully. The Earl shewed him the artful letter of the treacherous Walter, and then proceeded to account for his retirement, in the following words: (Zulima and Mureddin, ranging themselves beside him, with marks of deep attention). "After receiving this letter," said he, "so calculated to torture me with doubt, and to afflict me with remorse, I experienced both. My i
nation

nation at one moment represented Matilda innocent, and the next involved in guilt ; that last thought consoled me not : whether pure or defiled, she was still lovely ; still the object to whom I had paid my fondest vows, the sole treasure of my heart, and the softener of my toils.—Unable to support the idea, that I had commanded the dagger to pierce her breast, who so long had been my happiness, and my delight, I became reckless of life, and sought to lose a burden I was weary of. Thou hast heard of the engagement, in which it was reported I had fallen. The field of battle lay not many furlongs distant from this spot. Urged on by despair, I rushed into the thickest of the fight ; and exhausted equally by my own feelings, and the wounds I received, fell at length, seemingly devoid of breath, at the feet of my opponents. In this state, surrounded by heaps of slain, I continued several hours. A pious hermit, who then

then possessed this cell, impelled by charity, as soon as the shades of night took place, passed through the field, with an intent to succour those who were not yet beyond his care. He chanced to come to the spot where I lay stripped and senseless, and stooping, discovered that I still breathed. In pursuance of the purpose for which he came, he took off some of his garments, and wrapped them around my mangled limbs; then forcing me to swallow some drops of healing cordial which he carried, soon perceived his charitable exertions answered in my returning life.

Far from being grateful for his care, I reproached him for bringing me back to an existence I detested, and madly attempted to tear off the bandages with which he had bound my wounds. The venerable man saw I was under the pressure of some deep affliction, and unoffended by my unthankfulness, used all the gentle arts of persuasion to console, and

and sooth me. At length his pious arguments moved me to other thoughts; I consented to accompany him to his cell, if my weakness did not prevent. The benevolent hermit rejoiced at my compliance, assisted me with his supporting arm, and though our walk was often interrupted by my feebleness, at length conducted me to this spot. The wounds of my body were speedily healed, but those of my mind still bled. The idea of Matilda was ever present; sometimes regarded with resentment, but never without pain. I related to the anchoret those events, of which I ceased not to think with horror and remorse, and he encouraged me in a resolution I had conceived of embracing the ascetic life. He would have had me, however, still keep up some correspondence with my friends and country. But that country, (pardon me, my son) had no longer within it, any thing to attract my attention, or to weaken my regret. Sometimes.

times I thought of thy helpless infancy, but my confidence in the traitorous Walter suffered me not to feel any apprehensions for thy safety.

In one year after I had taken the habit of an anchoret, my preserver expired. I interred his remains in this forest, and since that time, my steps have never wandered from this cell, but to procure the sustenance necessary to support frail nature. Time at length meliorated the acuteness of my grief, into a soft melancholy, and apathy succeeded. But, my son, thou hast taught me to feel again—thou hast awakened the vulture of remembrance—Alas ! how keen, how bitter its inflictions !—Matilda, my wife—my happiness !—yet could I cast thee from me—yet could I bid the dagger drink thy blood !”

Fitz-Osborne paused : a gush of sorrow burst from his eyes ; he flung himself again prostrate, and again gave way to all his former agonies. Alan, strongly mov-

ed,

ed, stood now fixed, now irresolute. Impressed with filial awe, he respected the grief, and the transports of his sire; now would have them sacred and undisturbed, and again by interrupting, sooth them.

The Earl started suddenly from the ground, "Give me the false one," he exclaimed, "Give me the deluder!—I will tear away his base heart—I will riot in his pangs! No," added he, with still more fierceness—"No, it is Fitz-Osborne himself, weak, credulous, cruel—it is he who merits punishment!—And does he not meet it?—Can all the torments of inventive barbarity, equal the anguish of his soul?—O God!—afflict me not with life!—Put a period to my woe, by ending my existence!—Let the cold, the silent receptacle of the dead—"

"Ah! my father!—" cried Alan, with an expressive glance.

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The Earl drew him to his bosom—
“ Pardon, my beloved,” said he, fondly,
“ I forgot that I yet had thee—O, my
son, I forgot thy claim, and that of ven-
geance !”

Thus, by turns a prey to rage, regret,
and tenderness, did the unhappy Fitz-
Osborne waste the passing moments.—
Mureddin and Zulima at length arose
to depart. The Earl, who since the dis-
covery of his son, had seemed insensible
of their presence, now perceived the mu-
tual feelings of Alan and the fair Mame-
luke. He stepped after Mureddin, and
bringing him and his companion back,
introduced the topic of Alan’s love.—
Zulima gave a blushing assent to his dis-
course; the son of Fitz-Osborne threw
himself at her feet in an extacy of plea-
sure, and the Earl himself joined their
hands.

“ My children,” said he, melting with
tears, as he hung over them, “ my chil-
dren—be ye happy—ye are yet in the
bloom of your days—may no rude
blast—”

blast—" He stopped; a deep sigh burst from his bosom; he dashed away his tears with an unsteady hand, and again addressed them. " My children," he resumed, " Heaven has formed ye alike sincere, virtuous, and lovely—ye are fated for each other :—Suffer not your mutual confidence to be interrupted;—let not treacherous insinuations—" His voice faltered; a second pause of longer duration than the first ensued. He attempted to struggle himself into composure. " Look at me—the victim of credulity, the tool of deceit," said he, endeavouring to speak calmly; another burst of woe interrupted his words, and mocked his endeavours.

The fair Saracen bowed upon his venerable hands. " My sire," cried she, touching them to her forehead, " My sire, my friend, and my instructor; favoured by thy admonitions, can Zulima fail?"

" I will be her surety!" exclaimed Alan. " Will the beautiful mistress of
my

my wishes extend an equal mark of confidence to her servant?"

The daughter of the Soldan beheld him with an air complacency. Her heart whispered—"Can she who loves thee, deny thee her confidence?"—but the delicate and enchanting reserve of modesty, prevented the sounds from issuing at her lips. Fitz-Osborne pressed his real offspring, and his elected, alternately to his breast; called them by every endearing appellation, and articulated a blessing on their heads. Mureddin would share in these reciprocations of affection; he would be the son of Fitz-Osborne too, and participate in the benediction. At length, after a succession of tender incidents, they agreed to form a plan for their future conduct. It was resolved that Zulima and Mureddin should repair the following night to the hermitage; from whence Alan should conduct them to the Christian camp. Then arguing the necessity of separation, and yet inventing

ing

ing new pleas for delay, with reluctant tongues and unwilling steps they bid each other farewell, and pursued their several routes.

Alan, ever dutious, obliged the Earl to mount his horse, and with anxious care kept close by his side on foot; notwithstanding the solicitations of the astonished Gerald: who, not able to comprehend what the appearance meant, nor yet satisfied to behold his master in that situation, incessantly besought him to make use of his courser. Finding his entreaties of no effect, he determined to follow an example he had before disapproved; and dismounting quickly, placed himself at the other side of the Earl, leading his horse by the reins. As Alan, mindful of his sire's age, proceeded with slow and cautious steps, they reached not the camp with their usual expedition.

It was then within an hour of day, and the moon had sunk beneath the horizon. Darkness shrouded the earth. The star-

ry host, all but the sparkling harbinger of morn, had disappeared, and Gerald's preternatural terrors returned with added strength. At length the grey dawn dispelling that nocturnal obscurity, reassured him; he regarded the supposed father Anselm with eager curiosity, but carefully confined it to his looks.

They entered the camp, waited impatiently for the moment of the Prince's arising, and when it arrived, Alan, having previously requested a private interview, conducted the hermit to his presence.

Edward, struck by the noble air of this venerable person, and with the resemblance he bore his Knight, expected, in suspense and silence, some extraordinary event.

"Is this he?" said the hermit, turning to Alan. "Thou seest," replied the youth, with sparkling eyes, "my Prince, my patron, and my friend!"—

"Who

"Who art thou?" said Edward, with encreased surprize.

"Once," replied he, extending his arm—"Once I was subject to thy father; illustrious by my birth, esteemed for my loyalty, and happy in my fortunes and my love.—Behold me now—fatal reverse!—Behold me—deceived, calumniated, acquainted with misery, loathing life, and cherishing the hope of vengeance as my only good!—In fine—know me for the sire of this youth—for the brother of a traitor—know in me, the true Earl of Fitz-Osborne!"

"Do I hear aright?" exclaimed Edward.

The Earl, with a half indignant, half submissive air resumed. "I know not," said he, "what action of my former life, tinctured my fame with treachery.—But surely some such there must have been, else would my sovereign have required a greater proof than the light accusation of a villain, before he had

wrested from my son his right of inheritance, and from me the spotless robe of un sullied honour?" "The contract—" interrupted Alan.

"It was not enough," returned the Earl still more indignantly, "It was not enough to load me with the imputation of fraud—to despoil my son of his genuine rights!—Henry should have deliberated; he should have considered the tenour of my life—Did he ever know me base?—Did he ever discover me unworthy?—At a time too, when obeying his commands, I deserted my country—my wife—my infant. Fatal obedience!—Mistaken loyalty!"

Alan gave his sire a timid and beseeching glance. The Prince understood its meaning. "Fear not, my friend," said he, addressing the youth, "I am not offended—I respect the privilege of sorrow;—I would alleviate the affliction of thy sire—would to Heaven, I could banish the cause from his remembrance!—But since that is impossible,

possible, I swear to redress his wrongs, and thy injuries, with all my exertions, and with all my power."

That promise seemed to penetrate Alan with gratitude; and in some measure to pacify the Earl; he now addressed the Prince with less haughtiness, but equal emotion. "Royal Edward," resumed he, "knewest thou my injuries—knewest thou the villainy of that traitor who has undone me, thou wouldst not resent my baseness, but weep my misery." "I do not resent, noble Earl," replied the Prince, much affected: "On the contrary, I renew my assurances to acquire thee redress."

Fitz-Osborne was softened, even to tears, by this condescension. "These become not a warrior," said he, dashing them away. He now related the progress of Walter's treachery, as well as his agitation would allow. "I will write to the King," said Edward. "I will unfold to him the baseness of his favourite,

and Fitz-Osborne shall again enjoy his possessions." The Earl mused for a moment. "Prince, thou shalt not write," he exclaimed—"The caitiff must not escape me!—Let him continue in his fancied security 'till the storm bursts at once upon his head! I, even I, will be the messenger, and the executor of just retribution!—I will rush upon him!—Convict, terrify, and strike!" "My father," said Alan, "let us not embrace the principles of Walter while we condemn them—Let us meet him in the face of day—I will dare him to the field!"

"No," interrupted the Prince, "thou shalt not meet him—he merits not a treatment so honourable—he is an adversary unworthy of thy sword. Neither shall the Earl stain himself with the blood of so base a recreant—He may accuse and convict, but he may not strike. The wretch shall be driven with ignominy from a society he disgraces. The

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hootings and revilings of all men—the reproaches of his own conscience will continually goad his tortured spirit—He shall be self-punished!”

This determination, which the Earl did not wholly approve, he could not dispute. Alan still revolted against the thought of a clandestine vengeance; he praised the last words of the Prince, and hinted his own wishes. To these Edward totally objected, and our young hero, actuated by respect, forbore to urge him farther. He now, with an ingenuous confusion, mentioned the two Saracens: spoke of his friendship for Mureddin, and his love for Zulima. Edward, delighted with the communication, obliged him to relate, more than one time, the adventure which had brought him to the acquaintance of these persons. He sympathised in the feelings of his young friend; led him to talk of the beauties of his mistress, and smiled at his enthusiastic description. He offered an escort for

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the enterprize of that night, but Alan would suffer no person to share with him in the service of Zulima.

After conversing for a considerable time, the Prince led Fitz-Osborne forth; introduced him to his consort by his true name; and to the nobles who attended him, by the appellation of father Anselm. His resemblance with Alan was too striking to pass unnoticed; every one observed it, but all concluded it to be no more than one of those caprices, with which Nature, sometimes in a sportive mood, divers herself. As the supposed father Anselm passed through the camp, in company with his son, Lord William hovering near, seemed to eye them with a scrutinizing curiosity. Fitz-Osborne appeared disturbed. "The son of Walter, is it not?" said he, after a pause of some continuance. Lord William overheard the question, and he flunk away abruptly.

As soon as night veiled the earth, our hero, accompanied by his faithful Gerald, visited the wood of Joppa.

He approached the cell with a beating heart: his imagination presaged a thousand ills. The Sultan of Babylon might have discovered Zulima's intention—he might have prevented it—Ah! if this dear—this adored mistress had fallen a victim to her jealous lover's rage!—Such were his apprehensions. On entering the hermitage they vanished. He beheld Mureddin and Zulima waiting him with anxiety equal to his own. Overpowered by excess of satisfaction, he threw himself into the arms of the Mameluke, and murmured the name of his mistress. Little time was spent in congratulation. Gerald, who feared every thing, hastened them to depart. Alan, with more than usual confidence, pressed the fair Saracen to his bosom; she had no leisure for resentment; Gerald renewing his instances at that mo-

ment, the transported lover bore his beauteous burden out of the cell, and placed her on a gay caparisoned palfrey, which his squire led: Muredin mounted another horse, and they all hastened from the wood of Joppa, never more to enter within its shades.

The Prince and his consort received the fugitives with the most gracious affability; they were accommodated suitable to their rank, and Eleonora took to herself the charge of providing the lovely Mameluke with garments befitting her sex.

BOOK THE SEVENTH,
AND LAST.

NEXT morn, the native charms of Zulima shone forth with additional graces; habited in feminine apparel, her beauty, before transcendent, became now irresistible.

The turban was displaced for a coronet of mimic flowers, composed of sparkling gems. The diamond, the ruby, the topaz, the amethyst, and the emerald twined amidst her asburn tresses, which seeming to mock the aid of ornament, fell in a wild and pleasing confusion even to her slender waist. Fair; beyond the pin of colouring of luxuriant hair, she appeared one of those superior beings, which

which Heaven sometimes creates, to give mankind an image of its own perfection. The qualities of her mind displayed themselves in her intelligent countenance. Dignity of thought and humility of deportment;—a candour which scorned disguise, yet a timidity which gave a delicate shade to this frankness;—a tender sensibility for foreign woe, and a noble fortitude in self-affliction. Such were the traits of Zulima's character, the destined bride of our young hero, and the admiration of Edward's court.

Alan hastened to feast his eyes with the reality of those charms, whose fleeting resemblance had blessed his sleeping visions. He found Mureddin, with the mistress of his heart, yet insensible to every thing but that supereminent object, forgot to answer the greeting of his friend. While he continued gazing at the blushing fair one, Mureddin put a casket in his hand, and bade him inspect the contents. It was some time before Alan could either
attend

attend or obey. At length he opened the casket, and discovered what would have inspired a more mercenary soul with unbounded satisfaction.

It was filled with the most precious jewels of the East, and seemed a source of inexhaustible wealth. Alan surveyed these riches with a cold and unconcerned air; then putting down the casket, and looking at Zulima—"Behold my treasure!" said he, rapturously.

"The daughter of the Soldan should carry a marriage-portion to her spouse," said Mureddin. Alan mused.—"Was not this meant for Selim?" demanded he, as if struck by some forcible idea. "In truth," replied Mureddin, "the Soldan intended it for a nuptial present. Thou art in the place of Selim; and to thee it is now due."

"Ah, friend!" exclaimed Alan, "I beseech thee send back these jewels to the Sultan—Poor compensation for the good of which I have despoiled him!"

Fitz-

Fitz-Osborne, who was present, and an attentive auditor, now embraced Alan. "My son—my generous, my noble son!" he exclaimed, "Praised be the Being who has informed thy breast with such sentiments!—and blest the Providence that sent thee to sweeten the cup of my unhappiness!"

Alan replied, by a similar return of tenderness, and again urged Mureddin to send away the casket. The Mameluke looked doubtingly at his sister.

A beautiful confusion sat upon her features, and in accents more melodious than the song of the night warbler, she approved of her lover's resolution.

"My brother," said the lovely maid, "the son of Fitz-Osborne over-rates my deservings, but shall I withdraw an illusion so advantageous?—No; Mureddin: since he regards Zulima for herself alone, and despises the adventitious decorations of wealth, she will appear worthy of the preference by coinciding in his wishes.

—Let

—Let Selim possess the casket: Zulima deems it not disgraceful to accept an obligation from the person whom her heart esteems, and whom her judgment approves."

Alan testified how much these words affected him, by ardent and rapturous acknowledgments; and Mureddin no longer hesitating, dispatched the casket to Joppa, accompanied by a letter to the Sultan, in which he represented his own and Zulima's flight, as proceeding from religious motives.

On the morn of the day which preceded the expiration of the truce, Edward received a new defiance from the Sultan, who had received the succours he expected. The Christians, not dispirited, advanced to meet an army which he led from the town. That monarch, inflamed at once with the hatred of Christianity, and the rage of disappointed love, rushed on the adverse party with a fury impetuous and terrible.

Mured-

Muredâin was not in the engagement; he could not so soon arm his hand against a person to whom he had been bound by the ties of hospitality and ancient alliance.

Edward, still incapacitated from action by his wound, committed the conduct of the battle to Henry De Almain, his most experienced general; and appointed Alan and Lord Pembroke next in command. Those three persons maintained that day the usual superiority of the Cross. Selim, perceiving fortune adverse, caused a parley to be sounded, and both armies, as if by common consent, desisted from their mutual hostilities at the signal. The Sultan then desired a conference with the Christian general, and he assenting to the request, advanced into an open space, accompanied by his two associates. Selim met them. The Christians and Infidels waited with equal suspense the event of their discourse.

"Chief," said the interpreter of Selim to Henry De Almain, "my master, the mighty Sultan of Babylon, vicerent
of

of the commander of the faithful, the prophet, and the servant of the law which came from Heaven, desires this conference, not from any motive of fear or pusillanimity, but to remonstrate with thee on the fraudulent conduct of the prince of England; who, contrary to the rules of honour, detains within the camp the daughter and the son of the Soldan—one the destined bride of Selim, the other his associate in arms. My master, with a generosity unparalleled, on condition that these persons are delivered up to him, consents to put Edward in possession of Joppa and Damascus without delay; to desist from persecuting the professors of the Christian superstition, and to conclude a treaty which shall ensure their security in future." These words struck the son of Fitz-Osborne with dismay.—"Ah!" cried he to himself, "will Edward put the peace of Alan in competition with such advantages?"—"Tell thy master," said Henry De Almain

main to the interpreter, "that we will draw off our forces, bear the Prince an account of his requisition, and conclude a truce with him for this day and the next, in order that Edward should have sufficient time to consider of his proposal."

"Tell this proud Selim," exclaimed Alan, "that though he possess the person of Zulima, her heart cannot be his, since her faith and vows are already engaged to another.—Tell him too, that Alan will sooner die than relinquish—" He paused; he recollected that relinquishment depended not on himself, breathed a deep sigh, and turned from the interpreter, who immediately reported the purport of his words, and De Almain's reply to the Sultan. That monarch appeared inflamed with rage; he spoke something in a disturbed voice to the interpreter, and he again advanced towards Alan—"The magnificent Sultan," said he, "perceives thou dost insinuate thyself

self to be the favourite lover of Zulima. He resents thy presumption, and bida thee dread his unceasing vengeance, if the Prince of England accepts not his proposal."

Alan only answered this threat by a smile of disdain. The interpreter returned to Selim, and the armies separated.

While DeAlmain entertained the prince, our hero shut himself into his tent, and gave a loose to the most melancholy ideas. Zulima, his adored Zulima, to be torn from his hopes!—"O, why," cried he incessantly, "why was I blest in her smiles, since I lose them for ever?—If Edward—but can he refuse? Is not the public welfare interested in his compliance? Selfish Alan!—wouldst thou have him neglect the general utility for an individual? Ah! that question once had inspired me with horror—but now—Zulima, my only good! what is fame, life, honour, if thou art torn from me?—

No,

No, I will not suffer it!—The barbarian shall feel my sword."

A summons from the Prince interrupted the course of his reflections. He followed the messenger slowly, and entered the apartment of Edward with trembling limbs and a mournful aspect. "Draw near, my friend," said the Prince, "thou hast heard of Selim's demand." "What cruelty!" said Alan, to himself. An involuntary frown took possession of his brow. "I read thy thoughts," said the Prince; "they are injurious. Once, thou didst rescue Edward from the shameful bondage in which a traitor held him: thy care has since preserved his life.—Is he so mean of heart, as to repay such benefits as these with base ingratitude? Son of Fitz-Osborne, I will not pain thee longer by suspense. The proposal of Selim is rejected, and Zulima shall still be thine.—" My Prince!" exclaimed Alan, falling at his feet. Changed from the depth of despair to the fulness of joy,
his

his emotions were too strong for expression. That silence spoke more emphatically than the most laboured acknowledgments. Edward felicitated, raised, and embraced him. "This goodness!" cried Alan, "this goodness!—" His words were lost in gratitude and delight. The Prince renewed his condescending felicitations, and would have him communicate his happiness to Zulima. Alan hastened to this lovely personage; it seemed to him that she had been lost, and recovered; his eyes were never satisfied in gazing at her beauty, nor his tongue in expressing his love.

The Sultan, enraged by the fresh disappointment of his hopes, soon commenced hostilities again. Edward, now wholly restored to health, commanded his troops in person. The contending armies engaged; Selim, inflamed by jealousy, and the desire of vengeance, supported the conflict with spirit. Eager to find Alan, he ranged the field, and cast fiery glances

glances around for the object of his search. Lord William had that day assumed the same arms of his kinsman, and the resemblance deceived the furious Sultan. He rushed fiercely towards him. Lord William, trembling, attempted to retreat from his rage ; but Selim intercepted his flight, and obliged him to engage hand to hand. Despairing of succour, Lord William forced himself to wear an appearance of valour ; but the superior strength and courage of Selim soon conquered this assumed bravery. He was thrown with a rude shock from his horse, and crouched beneath the fury of his adversary.

Already had the incensed Selim, regardless of his supplications, raised his terrible scymetar over the head of his supposed rival, when a Christian warrior, darting like the fire of Heaven through the throng, threw himself over the prostrate Lord William, and received the impending blow on his shield. Selim,
asto-

astonished at the interposition, staggered back a few paces. The warrior lifted his beaver, and discovered an aspect, at once terror striking and alluring:—it was Alan himself!

The Sultan at this sight, losing his embarrassment in rage, advanced fiercely, and raising his shining sabre, aimed a stroke of force at his rival; but he quickly found that he had now a more able adversary than Lord William to assault. The son of Fitz-Osborne, by an agile movement, avoided the blow, and soon returned it with a well directed aim of his sharp and experienced steel. It pierced the left shoulder of Selim, who still more enraged by the pain of his wound, rushed with greater fierceness than before on his antagonist. They closed, each grasped his adversary's weapon: Alan's courage and address, ever supereminent, now prevailed; he tore the Sultan's scymetar from his hand, and then clasping his arms around him with a hostile

tile embrace, flung him forcibly to the earth.

At that moment a troop of Saracens flocked to their monarch's aid. Innumerable sabres were now brandished against the life of our hero; who still resolute, fearless, and undaunted, stood at bay to a host of enemies. Lord William, ever base, (more intent on securing his own person from danger, than on defending his preserver) fled, and sheltered himself amidst the thickest of the Christian squadrons.

Alan, mean while, kept up the unequal conflict with undiminished spirit; but mortal strength must fail. The wounds he received, and those he inflicted, had already stained his armour with a crimson hue; and he was just on the point of sinking beneath his foes, when Lord Pembroke, Gerald, and a body of soldiers rushed in, and changed the fortune of the encounter.

Solim

Selim had been borne off the field, while his adherents assaulted Alan. These infidels were now obliged to change their measures, and defend themselves. After a short resistance they fell victims to the valour of the Croisades, and more pouring in to revenge their slain companions, the battle raged fiercely on this spot.

Mean time Edward, who led the right wing, attacked the enemy's choicest forces, and routed them with inconceivable slaughter. A rumour ran through the unbelieving troops that Selim was slain, and panic terrors seized them. With one consent they betook themselves to sudden flight, with an intention to take refuge within the walls of Joppa. The brave Prince pursued them, even to the gates, and gained a considerable number of captives. During this time, Alan, Lord Pembroke, and their men, experienced equal good fortune. The Croisades gained a complete victory, and returned triumphantly to the camp. Fitz-

Osborne met his son at the entrance ; he looked at his blood-stained armour—
“ This is the colour of honour,” (said he, embracing him) “ But, my son, thy looks are pale—Ah ! if I lose thee now—some fatal wound.”—

“ Not fatal,” replied Alan, giving him a tender glance, “ I am but slightly hurt.” While he spoke, an unusual faintness seized him ; he sunk on the bosom of his father. “ Ah ! Heaven,” cried the Earl, “ My fears were just !—my son !—my son !—look at me—speak to me—relieve my apprehensions !”

Alan raised his head, “ Toil alone—” said he, attempting to assume a voice of strength. The exertion was too much ; weakness again overpowered him, and the Earl became nearly distracted. He called loudly and repeatedly for assistance. It was some time before the tumult of the camp would suffer his cries to be heard. Gerald, who by some accident had been separated from his master, was first struck by

by the sound. He darted through the throng, and ran to the spot where the Earl hung wailing over Alan, who had fallen into a deep and death-like swoon. Gerald, affected almost to madness at this sight, threw himself on the ground and made loud and frantic outcries.

Several persons now gathered round them; the soldiers, who loved Alan for his virtues, and idolized him as being the preserver of the Prince, mourned his situation with sincere expressions of concern. More recollected than the Earl or Gerald, they took him on their bucklers, and bearing him to his tent, committed him to the care of the surgeons.

While the Earl hung eagerly on the lips of these persons, (waiting the sentence which should inspire him with hope, or consign him to despair) Muredidin entered. "Horror!" exclaimed he, rushing towards his friend, "My companion!—my brother!—what fatal reverse!"—Deprived of reason by this afflicting surprise,

prise, he ran wildly to the apartment of Zulima. "He dies!" cried he, aloud—"The best, the bravest, the loveliest of mankind!—He expires this moment!"

These terrible words pierced the soul of the fair Saracen: her heart knew but one person who merited such appellations. She shrieked, cast up her eyes with an accusing glance, and flew to the tent of her lover.

The surgeons were that moment employed in inspecting his wounds, and the apartment was crowded with interested spectators.

Zulima, heedless of their presence, and forgetful of her wonted reserve, threw herself on the couch of the patient, and strained him in her arms. The surgeons attempted to take her from him; she resisted with the force of despair. "Cruel men," cried she, "ye shall not divide us!—He is mine; we have but one soul—If he dies, I will not live!" In saying thus, she put her balmy lips to his,

his, embraced him yet more fervently, and called wildly on his name.

Alan at length opened his eyes, and beheld her attitude. "Zulima!" he exclaimed—"dearest Zulima, what happiness!" "Wilt thou live?" demanded she earnestly. He pressed her snowy hand. "O powerful Creator!" cried Zulima, "he consents!—he will live!" The surgeons again attempted to take her away. "Stop," cried Alan, "offend not my fair-one!—her endearments are the balm of my soul." "Rude men!" exclaimed Zulima, "ye hear my beloved—yet ye would force me away?—go—I will never, never quit him!" added she, folding her arms around Alan.

The surgeons now finding their exertions vain, proceeded to examine his wounds. Fitz-Osborne knelt close by the couch, his hands raised to Heaven, and his eyes fixed on these persons.

At length they pronounced his life to be in no danger. "Blessed tidings!"

Q.33

exclaimed.

exclaimed the Earl, starting up, and embracing those who uttered them. "Hallowed be your lips!—O ye have rescued Fitz-Osborne from a depth of misery!—My son! my son! praised be the Eternal!"

Joy stopped further utterance. He sunk again on his knees, and covered his face. Tendernefs overpowered discretion; his words disclosed the secret, which he had meant to conceal.

Lord William had entered the tent, a few minutes before the surgeons pronounced that favourable sentence, which banished the guard of prudence from the lips of Fitz Osborne:

Curiosity, not concern, induced him to this step. The Earl's exclamation produced new incentives to the former. He inquired of the persons who stood next him, what these words meant. They were unable to resolve the question. Interested alone for Alan, they heeded not the inadvertency of his fire.

The

The natural stupidity of Lord William's disposition seemed to vanish; his countenance now appeared to speak some intelligence, but his features, ill set and unamiable, acquired no improvement from their agitation. What would have been expression in another aspect was in his distortion.

While anxiety thus possessed his mind, and rendered his looks more forbidding than ever, Zulima gave herself up to the transporting sensations of heart-felt joy. Mureddin experienced a pleasure nearly equal, and Gerald vented the sincere effusions of his honest soul.

The Prince hastened to his young friend, as soon as the first rumour of his danger reached him. Eleonora, Blanche, and her now favoured lover, with all the most eminent persons in the camp, followed his example. During the few days he continued confined to his tent, they constantly attended him, and cheered the wearisome hours of pain and lassitude,

tude, with sprightly and entertaining converse.

At this time the Prince received letters from his sire, entreating him to return as speedily to England as the posture of his affairs would allow. Henry represented that the feebleness of age and disease, rendered him incapable of restraining the turbulence of the barons; who, delivered from apprehension by the absence of Edward, set no bounds to the insolence of their conduct. He added, that he had been dissuaded from requiring the presence of his son, by some persons about him; but that he now began to perceive these dissuasions were not uninterested.

Edward's filial duty, superior even to the love of glory, led him to gratify the wishes of the King; but he first determined to do some signal service to the cause he had undertaken to support. Selim, dispirited by the issue of the last battle, had left Joppa, which place he imagined

imagined to be no longer a secure asylum. He had garrisoned it with a part of his army; but these men, no longer invigorated by his presence, who had been the soul and spirit of their movements, made but a slight opposition to the Christians, who now assailed the town on every side.

Their battering engines, and the secret operations of the miners, soon made a breach in the wall, sufficient to admit a large force. Edward led a party of troops through this breach, while Henry De Almain, and Lord Pembroke, by a feigned assault, drew the defenders to another place less vulnerable. The besieged, mocking what they thought an impotent attempt, were suddenly dismayed by the loud shouts of the Christians in the rear. Enfeebled at once by terror and surprize, they offered an easy conquest to the foe. Lord Pembroke now followed the Prince, who generous as brave, commanded his men to give quarter to the Saracens. The order was obeyed;

he took possession of the citadel, and detained the garrison of Selim captive. Such was the result of an enterprize which gave new satisfaction to the champions of the Cross, and encreased the consternation of the deluded unbelievers. The loss of Joppa, a place at once considerable by its strength and situation, affected the Sultan of Babylon strongly. The irresistible valour of Edward and his troops, made him fear for the rest of his dominions, and his thoughts now seriously inclined to an accommodation.

Edward shortly received such proposals for a truce as surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Selim offered, (on condition that hostilities were suspended for the term of ten years some weeks and days) to allow all the Christians within his territories the free and unmolested possession of those places which the valour and good fortune of the Prince had acquired.

These

Th se propofals were too advantageous to be rejected. The Prince consented to the truce ; hostages were given on the part of Selim, to ensure its observance, and the Croifades prepared to revisit their native fhores.

Edward would have retarded his departure in confideration of his Knight, but that youth, now nearly recovered, declared himfelf well able to bear the fatigue of the voyage. Fitz-Ofborne, whose defire for vengeance had been fufpended by concern for his fon, now felt it revive with added force : he urged the Prince to haften his embarkation. Edward wanted little to ftimulate him ; the fhips were launched, the croifades brought on board, and favourable gales foon wafted them far on the watry expanfe.

The paffage, though beyond expectation quick, feemed an age to the impatient Earl. Alan, on the contrary, would have lengthened its duration if poffible.

His

His humane and generous soul felt for the traitorous Walter. While that miscreant rioted in impunity, resentment actuated his breast; but now, without hope or resource, a fated victim to confusion and despair, his compassionate heart would distinguish the miserable from the guilty. He sought to incline his sire to the same thoughts. "What!" (exclaimed the Earl, one day, as he urged him on this subject) "wouldst thou, the offspring of Matilda, dissuade me from avenging her injuries?" "My father," replied Alan, "he is now wholly in our power." "Weak clemency!" interrupted the Earl, frowning. "Pleadest thou for the destroyer of thy mother's fame and life?—But I blame thee without cause—Thou knowest not her virtues—thou wert unacquainted with her person. But I—O, torture!—I knew the one to be transcendant, and the other lovely!—Thou art not sensible of the pangs that rend this heart!—Thou art but her son,

—I was her husband!—O, Heaven!—
How unworthy of that name!—She was
the blessing of my existence!—The sum
and end of my desires!—The jewel of
my soul!—And shall I pardon the traitor
who robbed me of this treasure?—Who,
by his base insinuations obliged me to
cast it from me with a lavish and cruel
hand?—Boy, plead no more—May
Heaven reject my prayers if I pardon
Walter!”

Alan shuddered at that terrible imprecation! It chilled his blood, and locked his lips in silence.

After some weeks of easy passage, the wind on a sudden veered to an adverse point, and obliged the fleet to seek shelter in the harbour of Messina. The Sicilian King received Edward with all the observance due to his birth and qualities. But the reception ill consoled him for the intelligence that followed. He learned that the King, his father, had expired not long before; and the news affected him

him with the most pungent sorrow. Unfitted for society, by the depth of his affliction, he shut himself up in his apartment for several days, and during that time would suffer no person to approach him but the Princess and his Knight. At length time, aided by true piety, consoled him for an irremediable loss. He began to appear in public as before; and scarce had his tranquility been re-established, when it received another shock. Messengers arrived from England with an account that his favourite son, John, an infant of four years, had expired soon after the death of Henry. The Sicilian King, astonished at the superior fortitude with which he supported this event, communicated to him his surprise. "Heaven may bless me with more sons," answered Edward, "but the loss of a father can never be repaired."

The Sicilian Monarch, affected by this manifestation of filial love, lauded him who uttered the sentiment, — Henry

Henry though dead, for possessing such a son, and congratulated England on the happiness it was going to experience, in being ruled by such a sovereign.

In a few days the wind became favourable for the Prince's departure. The King of Sicily attempted to detain him some time longer, but Edward entertained a strong desire to visit the young French monarch, who had expressed an equal wish for the interview. The security of his own kingdom left him leisure to put this project in execution. The Barons seemed to have lost their restless ambition, and the general tranquility of the nation was only interrupted by an ardent desire to see its heroic sovereign. Edward, after taking an affectionate leave of the Sicilian King, again embarked with his forces; and Fitz-Osborne, who had been tortured by the delay, respired afresh the hope of speedy vengeance.

The winds, as if sympathizing in his feelings, shortly carried the fleet to Mar-
seilles.

seilles. Edward had scarcely landed, when he received an invitation to a trial of skill from the Count of Chalons, who was going to celebrate a magnificent tournament. Ever fond of glory, he readily accepted the challenge; and willing to have Alan a partner in the entertainment, sought to prevail on the Earl to delay his voyage to England for a time. Fitz-Osborne would listen to no dissuasions; he determined to depart immediately, and Edward at length gave way to his impatience.

In pursuance of this resolution, the Earl, Alan, Zulima, Mureddin, and Gerald, with a train of trusty attendants, who were given by the King as a guard, proceeded to Calais, and were wafted from thence to the opposite shore in a few hours. At that moment the agonies of the unhappy Earl returned with added force. This was the land in which he had tasted happiness; the recollection tortured and distracted him. "Matilda!"
injured.

injured Matilda!" cried he, incessantly. No other sound issued from his lips, no other idea found place within his bosom. Zulima now changed her dress to avoid observation, and took the habit of a page. They reached the capital, and here Alan would have persuaded his mistress and Mureddin to remain while he and the Earl proceeded to the Castle of Fitz-Osborne; but his arguments were ineffectual. Zulima, to whom love had given courage, resolved to share the danger of the enterprize. "Thinkest thou not," she replied, "that Zulima would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than bear thee from her sight? Alan, dear Alan, I will never quit thee!—Art thou not my protector?—the friend on whose safety depends my peace and my existence—The pangs of absence are too terrible—Wouldst thou wish me to experience them?"

These words, delivered in an energetic tone, inspired Alan with a joy that left him

him no recollection of the cause from which they sprung. He put her beautiful hands to his lips, impressed them with a thousand fervent kisses, and uttered all the wild, yet pleasing extravagancies of true passion.

The day following that of their arrival in London, they set off for the Castle of Fitz-Osborne, attended by the faithful guard which Edward's care had provided. The fourth evening brought them within three leagues of the place of their destination. Here the Earl halted, and obliged his companions to do the same. He took Alan aside for a few moments.

"My son," (said he, addressing him in a voice of trepidation) "I know not why, but my heart recoils as at the approach of sudden ill." "Yield to this impulse, my father," cried Alan, eagerly—"Let us return to the capital. Do thou give Walter Fitz-Osborne notice to retire from his usurped possessions—spare thyself the sight of the traitor." No," exclaimed

claimed the Earl, sternly, "No, I will glut my eyes with his horrors! As thou valuest a parent's displeasure, seek no more to dissuade me." "Never, never, will I willingly incur it!" replied Alan, in a submissive accent.

This answer appeased the Earl—"I wanted to tell thee," said he, "of a new thought which has struck me. I have determined not to pursue my journey, till the day closes in. Night is fit for the work of terror; its obscurity will carry us undiscovered to the Castle, and then will I burst upon the miscreant, terrify his guilty soul, and finish the work of retribution!"

"Thou wilt not kill him?" interrupted Alan—"My father will not become a private murderer? Recall the words of Edward." "Boy!" cried the Earl, in a tone of anger, "what avail the words of Edward to satisfy my wrongs?—Boy, he felt no pity for thy mother, and wouldst thou save him from my just revenge?—

No,

No, I swear by yon celestial arch, by the throne of the Omnipotent, he shall die! — If this time-worn arm fail me not, before to-morrow's dawn, his blood shall appease the manes of Matilda!" In saying thus, he turned suddenly, and retired to a small distance from his companion.

"What means this change in my sentiments?" said Alan to himself. "A short time since, and I would be the champion of my parent's injuries—Am I no longer alive to the calls of filial affection?" — "Ah! no," said he again, "but I would brave the traitor openly—Honour should decide—Yet is not this thought injurious to my fire?—Down—down, rebellious suggestion!—his feelings, afflicting and terrible, call for as great a compensation." Alan now joined his mistress and his friend; in their conversation he sought to bury his distressful sensations, and at length the Earl approached. "Night begins," said he, "to spread her sable mantle o'er the earth, let us
away."

away. At these words he mounted his steed, and his auditors taking horse also, directed their course forward.

The moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and darkness effectually shrouded our company from notice. They had proceeded within a few furlongs of the Castle, when their progress was interrupted by an incident at once unexpected and alarming.

The pale Queen of Night had just displayed her borrowed beams, and shrouded them again under some amber skirted clouds; a faint light, scarcely sufficient to guide our travellers in their path, emitted from this veil, when all at once from behind a neighbouring hedge, they were alarmed by a hostile salute of pointed arrows. While they yet wondered, a large band of armed men, disguised with masks, burst from the hedge, and assailed them sword in hand with determined fury.

The assailants met not so easy a prey, as they had seemed to expect. Alan, stag-

flaggered for a moment by the suddenness of the attack, soon resumed his usual courage; and after placing his beloved Zulima in a situation least exposed to danger, rushed fiercely on the foremost ruffians, seconded by Mureddin.

Edward's guard surrounded the Earl, and defended him from the strokes of the enemy, with careful valour. Fitz-Osborne, struck by a sudden impulse, raised his voice—"Mistaken men," cried he aloud, "Whom do you attack?" The person, who seemed chief amongst the ruffians, at the sound of these words, set forth a loud cry, and piercing through the midst of the defenders, seemed to seek no other victim but the speaker. The moon at that instant darted from obscurity, and displayed the Earl's danger to his son. He flew to his rescue. Just as the leader of the ruffians aimed a stroke at Fitz-Osborne's breast, Alan arrested the blow, and plunged his own weapon up to the hilt in the bosom of the

the villain. "Accursed sinner!" cried he, loudly, as he sunk weeping to the earth.

Alan, struck with horror and astonishment, knew the voice of the usurping Walter—"Heaven is just!" he exclaimed. "This deed should have been mine," said the Earl sternly.

The ruffians, terrified at seeing their leader fallen, betook themselves to flight, yet not 'till the attendants of the Earl had thinned their number. Fitz-Osborne stopped: he tore off the mask that concealed the features of his criminal brother. "Ah! caitiff!" he exclaimed—

"Awake!—Thou shalt not escape my reproaches!"

Walter had sunk into a swoon; he now opened his eyes. "Look!" resumed the Earl; "Behold the man thou hast injured!—Ah! traitor—infernal demon!" added he, foaming with rage—"Where is the trust I committed to thy charge?—Where is Matilda?—My wife?—Diabolical machinator!—Thy death is

poor

poor compensation—May avenging furies torture and grieve thy soul!"

The countenance of Walter, before ghastly, became now black from the colour of his thoughts: He fixed his glaring eye-balls on the Earl with an horrible stare. "Accursed be the arm," he cried, in a hollow tone, "which could not find its way to thy heart; and doubly cursed the hand that succoured thee! Yes—at this moment I avow my hate—know, that when I most flattered thy credulity, I then most detested thee!—That thy sight has been ever distasteful to mine eye, and thy voice ever grating to mine ear. In fine, that serpents, scorpions, toads, all the most noxious progeny of nature, were to my imagination less horrible than thy idea!—I loved thy wife too; I would have possessed her—but hatred of thee, more than passion urged me to the pursuit—Thou wert the tool of my purpose—I thank thee—Thy weak credulity paved the way for my design.

design.—Tremble at my words—She was innocent!—Thou didst command her death—Let that thought avenge me!

“O God!” exclaimed the Earl, in an access of distraction, “It does—It will—It must be true!—I did command her death, and thou, vile as thou art, wert pure compared to me!”

Walter replied not. The blood streamed fast from his wound, and incessantly did agonizing pain distort his features, and a malicious joy enlighten them.

Alan would have borne his fire from a spectacle, which recalled all the affliction of his mind, but the Earl, absorbed in grief, continued insensible to his entreaties. Finding him not to be moved, Alan went towards Zulima, with an intention of composing her fears. The beauteous Saracen, unused to scenes of carnage, could not yet believe herself or lover safe. She hung on his arm, repeatedly enquired if the danger was past.

fed; and though answered in the affirmative, still doubted.

The attendants of the Earl now brought forward one of the ruffians, who, though wounded desperately, yet retained sufficient strength to speak. It was Maurice. He desired to be laid at Fitz-Osborne's feet; his supporters complied, and in a feeble voice, he related to that inattentive noble, the artifices he and Walter had made use of to deprive Alan of his birth-right. He then mentioned the attempt against his life by poison, and concluded in these words:

“ Lord William,” said he, “ gave notice to the usurper some time since, that an exclamation thou didst utter, and thy strong resemblance to his young kinsman, had infused a suspicion into his mind, that Fitz-Osborne and father Anselm were the same. This intelligence inspired Walter with consternation, yet he strove to fly from the idea, 'till fresh information arriving from Lord William, turned
his

his doubts into conviction. He received these last notices from Calais, and with them, a confirmation of thy intention to surprize him in the Castle. He shewed me the letter which contained these accounts, with evident marks of anxiety and terror. I inquired what was to be done?—"Dost thou ask?" he cried—"Is there but one resource to save us?—Thou didst share in my crime—thou wouldst share also in my punishment—let us avert it, by turning the designs of those who would destroy us on their own heads. We will lie in ambush for them—we will deprive them of the means to accuse or revenge—the dead speak not." "I complied—O fatal compliance!—Accompanied by a band of miscreants, the experienced instruments of his crimes, we lay in wait several nights in this spot."

Maurice was interrupted at this period by the usurper, who seemed now possessed with frenzy. "—It is false!" cried he aloud. "They shall not escape me!"

—Walter is alone worthy to be styled Lord of Fitz-Osborne—” “Soft,” said he again in a lower tone. “Let them not hear us—Maurice, thou hast some healing ingredients—healing to my soul, because destructive to those I hate!—come hither—lay thy ear close to my lips—we are surrounded by prying witnesses—’tis well—my best Maurice!—and wilt thou—?”

“O horror!—horror!” continued he, more wildly, “See Matilda!—she holds the dagger o’er my head—Ha!—that crimson stream—it drops—it covers—it stifles me!”

He now gasped, as if for breath; life seemed to ebb apace: Convulsive starts agitated his limbs; he uttered some half formed sounds, and again cried loudly.

“See! See!” he exclaimed, “that yawning gulph—those horrible spectres!—Heard ye the yell of despair?—Again!—They approach—O mercy! mercy! They rend my vitals—they tear me to pieces

pierced with their dreadful pangs—For ever, sayest thou?—Matilda—See—she urges them on;—she smiles at my torments—they drag me down—for mercy—O for mercy! Yet a little while—a few moments to breathe from misery!—It will not be—they mock my prayers—yet deeper down—all is over—torture—eternal torture!

Exhausted now, alike by the violence of his frenzy, and the loss of blood, he spoke no more, and in a few moments his dark and guilty soul fled for ever. The Earl had continued plunged in afflicting thought during the preceding scene. This last event, seemed not to arouse his attention. Alas, though shuddering with horror, was not unmindful of his friend's situation. He advanced, attempted to soothe him, and forcibly tore him from that horrid spectacle. The Earl suffered himself to be placed on his feet, without discovering either displeasure or emotion. In this state of temporary

porary insensibility he proceeded, his son guiding his horse's reins, and with his whole company, soon reached the Castle of Fitz-Osborne. The body of Walter, and the half-dying Maurice, were meantime supported to the same place, by some of the attendants.

On arriving at the moat, they found the bridge drawn up, but no appearance of hostility. Gerald called loudly to the porter, who soon came forth. He was commanded to let down the bridge, but replied, that he knew not whether they were friends or enemies, and could not comply, without forfeiting his charge.

As he spoke, the domestic of the Castle rushed out, and inquired with whom he parlied. The attendants of the Earl shewed the ghastly corse of the usurper. At this sight, the domestics seeming more affected by fear than sorrow, hung their heads, and manifested strong tokens of confusion. "Behold!" cried Alan, "behold the rightful possessor

feffor of this Castle—the true Earl of Fitz-Ofborne.” He pointed to his father, and resumed. “See the reward of treachery in the fate of the wretched Walter!—Approve yourselves enemies of his crimes!—Admit us—A prompt obedience will secure ye from sharing in his punishment!”

The servants, still more confused than before, seemed to confer among themselves. At length, one who appeared the most eminent in authority, made a sign to the porter to let down the bridge. This was instantly complied with. Alan dismounted. He assisted the nearly immovable Earl to alight. Mureddin, Zulima, Gerald, and the remainder of their company did the same. They all passed quickly over the bridge, and scarce had they reached the other side, when the servants of Walter, with one accord, prostrated themselves at the feet of the Earl and his son. Alan, bidding them arise and fear nothing, led his fire

forward to the gate. Here the terpor of Fitz-Osborne vanished; he sunk on the threshold of his long forsaken mansion in an agony of grief. "In this spot," he exclaimed, "in this spot did the most injured, and the most lovely of women last meet my eyes!—Here did she pour forth the effusions of a soul affectionate and sincere!—Yet I could, even in that moment, doubt her truth—I could think that sincerity fraud—that affection, deceitful——O, Matilda!—If thou yet hoverest near the place, which thou didst love in life, look at him, who though he commanded thy death, would now endure unheard of torments to recall the moments past!—Ah! no—thou turnest away with abhorrence—The gross vapour of my guilt offends the purity of thy shade—Dear, lost Matilda!—regard me with more compassion!—be sensible of the anguish that rends this heart!—see those eyes, unaccustomed to weakness, immersed in the brine of woe!—Yet, is not

not all too trifling—O, thou canst not
forgive thy murderer!—He who, regard-
less of thy character, thy virtues, and thy
love, consigned thee, yet in the meridian
of thy beauty, to the cold bosom of the
grave!

While she stretched, Earl thus gave
vent to his sensations, the spouse of
Walter appeared. Her behaviour mani-
fested her not ignorant of her husband's
last intentions. Earl, from seeming con-
cerned on beholding his wife, was sur-
prized at the sight of Fitz-Osborne and
his son, she appeared to seek only for
herself, and falling at Alan's feet, be-
trayed the innate meanness of her soul,
by abject supplications. Judging of that
youth's sentiments by her own, she
doubted his forgiveness. She had been
his constant and avowed enemy during
infancy; Walter had injured him to the
utmost of his ability, and Lord William
had also practised against his life. She
recollected these facts, trembled at the
consider-

consideration, yet continued crouching at his feet. The noble breast of our hero could not retain resentment. He had long since forgotten the indignities with which she had sought to oppress his helpless childhood. Ever generous and humane, past injuries affected him less than present wretchedness. She had been insulting, unworthy, but she was now distressed. That consideration banished the contempt which had displayed itself for a moment on his countenance. He took her from the ground, soothed her in a gentle voice, and assured her of protection. The Earl by this time had regained some degree of composure; he walked through the apartments of the Castle, and his agonies returned. Zulima, by the persuasion of her lover, retired to rest; and the sun now gilding the eastern hemisphere with gold and purple rays, beheld the mansion of Fitz-Osborne inhabited by its lawful possessors.

Alan, as the Earl, still absorbed in sorrow, was incapable of acting for himself, soon

soon as the luminary of the day had attained its highest zenith, dismissed the servants of the usurper from the Castle, and the late Countess departed at the same time to the house of the Lord De Gray.

A rumour of these events soon ran through the estates, and the aged vassals of Fitz-Osborne, quitting their habitations, crowded to behold their new restored Lord and his valiant son. Alan prevailed on the Earl to go forth and greet them. At sight of their loved and long lost master their joy took the appearance of grief. Tears burst in torrents from their eyes. They thronged around him. One would touch his garment, another his hand, more sobbed aloud, and in broken murmurs expressed their wonder and delight.

Their fidelity affected the Earl with a faint sensation of pleasure. He attempted to smile, to answer their congratulations, but sad remembrance banished the smile when half formed, and rendered the
answer

answer inarticulate. He pronounced the name of Matilda, clasped his hands together, and sunk on the bosom of his son.

"My Father!" said Alan, tenderly supporting him, "unmixed felicity is not the lot of man: yet Heaven has not left the misery of his state without resource; at the time it deprives him of one comfort it furnishes him with another." "And where are mine?" said the Earl, mournfully.

"In the fidelity of thy dependants," replied Alan, "and in the love and duty of thy son." "True!" exclaimed the Earl, embracing him. "Thou art indeed my comfort—the sweetener of a bitter existence!—But my son—thy mother!—the fairest—the most virtuous—doomed by my will—!"

"She inhabits with the blessed," replied Alan. "As she was virtuous as she was unfortunate, she is now happy—My father, the pangs of this life are preparatory to the blessings of the future—
—Ponder

—Ponder this truth—think of Matilda's present felicity, and recall thy banished peace." "My son!—my pious son!" cried the Earl, embracing him. The tears of the by-standers were renewed. "Pious son!—pious indeed," they repeated, "and worthy to be heir of our master!"

The aged men pointed out to their children the example of their future Lord: these again in simple yet honest phrase, declared that his deportment mocked imitation.

The following day Alan dispatched Gerald and an escort to the house of Geoffry for his faithful Alice; and not unmindful of his venerable friend, he bade him call at the cell of Montmorency; yet dreaded that death had deprived it of its inhabitant.

He now related to the Earl the particulars of Arnulf's eventful life. Fitz-Orborne gave many tears to the misfortunes of his cotemporary and friend. "If he
yet

yet lives," said, he, sighing deeply, "I will see him. Unhappy Arnulf!—I little imagined from whence thy neglect arose; similar in our faults, similar in our destinies, we are fit companions for each other!—If thou dost yet draw the breath of life, I will pour my griefs into thy bosom, and thou shalt return thine. Sad, yet not unpleasing participation! We will extract comfort from the depth of woe: we will talk of our lost treasures; we will embalm them with our tears; we will deplore our mutual crimes, and celebrate the virtues of our victims!"

Alan sought not to dissuade his fire from a thought which seemed to sooth his melancholy; neither would he encourage it, but attempted with a pious artifice to steal him from it, by speaking of Zulima, extolling her beauty and her endowments, and congratulating himself on his approaching happiness.

The Earl, plunged in a deep reverie, appeared inattentive to his words. He
started

started suddenly—"Lead me to the tomb of Matilda," said he, in an eager tone. Alan trembled, ventured some dissuasive words, but on his repeating the command, went forward. Fitz-Osborne followed, preserving a deep silence. In a short time they entered the forest. Alan pointed to the mound of earth, the Earl looked towards it, and made a sign with his hand, as if to bid his son depart. Alan hesitated to obey that movement. Fitz-Osborne, with a mixture of anger in his countenance, repeated it, and the youth retired out of sight; yet filial apprehension would not suffer him to quit the forest wholly. He returned by another path, and concealed himself behind the spreading foliage of the trees.

Fitz-Osborne had thrown himself on the grave, his lips were silent, and his body immovable. After continuing in this torpid state a considerable time, he raised his head, took the tablets of Matilda (which had been given him by Alan)

in

in his hand, read the prayer aloud, looked up to Heaven, then at the tomb, kissed the green turf that covered it, and again relapsed into his former attitude. At length he changed his posture, bent his knees, and appeared to offer up some fervent ejaculations. Yet still silent, his lips moved without emitting any sound. Alan, attentive to his actions, took heed not to disturb a sorrow he respected.

All at once the Earl stopped, scraped off some particles of the clay that covered the grave, and pressing them thrice to his forehead and to his lips, tore off a piece from his vestments, wrapped the clay within it, and placed it in his bosom. He now arose, and proceeded out of the forest with lingering steps. Alan, quitting his hiding place, hastened to meet him. The Earl appeared to have attained some degree of cheerfulness; he resisted not the endeavours of his son to sooth him, spoke on the topic of his love, and mentioned

tioned his intention to solemnize his nuptials with Zulima speedily.

The fair Saracen was made acquainted with the subject of their discourse. The beautiful tinct of modesty heightened the roses of her cheeks, and in accents, where hesitation became eloquent, she faltered a sweet assent to Alan's happiness.

Early the following morn. that youth, pursuing a purpose which his piety had suggested, repaired to the forest, accompanied by a band of vassals, whom he had commanded to attend; there having obliged them to open the grave, he gathered the respected relics of his parent, and placing them on a bier, which had been prepared, covered them with a sable pall. "My mother," said he, kneeling, "accept the office which filial duty pays."—He kissed the pall, arose, and giving the bier to four attendants, commanded them to direct their course to a neighbouring priory. They obeyed; Alan covered his

his face, and crossing his hands upon his breast, followed in a melancholy and pensive silence. They had reached but the verge of the forest, when Fitz-Osborne met them. His heart told him all. He looked at the bier, groaned, and sunk into the arms of his son. The bearers stopped as if instinctively; Alan made them a sign to go on—"No," said the Earl, in a voice hardly articulate—I will once more see,"—he paused, went to the bier, raised the pall, and uttered a loud cry—"Save me! save me from the sight, and from the thought!" exclaimed he, rushing back. "Are those the remains of Matilda? the lovely, the blooming Matilda! This haggard scull, these unseemly bones, are they the remains of Heaven's most perfect work? I—criminal and miserable! I have produced the change, I who doated and yet destroyed. I, who loved, and was a murderer!"

Alan again made a sign to the bearers to go on. They obeyed. The Earl attempted

tempted not to prevent them. Alan de
sought him to go back to the Castle.
"No," replied he in a determined tone.
"No," I too will attend the obsequies of
Matilda. Was I not her husband, and
who shall dissuade me? He then spoke no
more. The Earl leaned on his shoulder,
and they proceeded onward. They
reached the priory in a short time. The
holy Abbot greeted them in a mingled
tone of pleasure and concern. He
performed the funeral rites. The vault
which contained the ancestors of Fitz-
Osborne was opened, and the remains
of Matilda were committed to that con-
secrated and sacred repository.
In a few days Gerald returned, bringing
with him the faithful Alice, and the pleas-
ing intelligence that Montmorency yet
lived. The meeting of Alan and his
nurse was such as might have been ex-
pected from persons of their sensibility.
When the first transports had given place
to a more tranquil joy, the son of Fitz-
Osborne

Osborne led his dear Alice to the presence of his adored Zulima. "Arbitress of my destiny," said he, presenting Alice, "behold the guardian of my infancy; the directress of my sentiments, in fine my mother by affection." "My mother too," cried Zulima, clasping her arms around her. Alice, struck with wonder at her charms and her condescension, stepped back a little, and gazed at her in silence. At length—"Thy loveliness," cried she, "is more than human, yet thy goodness exceeds it. Beauteous lady, thou art indeed worthy to be the spouse of my son!—Yes, lady, the lowly Alice presumes to give him that appellation; he is the child of her cares, and of her love. O the pride, the joy of that thought! Her child is the favoured of the Almighty, graceful in his person, virtuous in his heart, the first and most deserving of the human race!"

The Earl, who had been absent at the arrival of Alice, entered as she spoke.

His

His appearance at once changed her countenance and her voice. She staggered, turned pale, and scarce could prevent her tottering frame from sinking on the earth.

"Alice," said the Earl. "O blessed host of Heaven!" she exclaimed, covering her face. The Earl advanced towards her—

"Alice," said he again, "when I saw thee last—O Alice, that hour!" Bitter sobs interrupted his words. Alice uncovered her face, and fell prostrate.—

"My lord! my master!" she cried, weeping aloud.—"My lord! my master!"

repeated she again, unable to articulate more. Alan and Zulima, agitated spectators of this affecting interview, stood aloof, and paid the tribute of sensibility to the scene.

At length the Earl raised Alice, and obliged her to sit beside him.

They indulged in the luxury of grief.

They spoke of Matilda, mingled their

tears and their exclamations; continually

ministered to each other's woe, by affect-

ing recollections, and as often attempted

to comfort each other by assurances of affection.

to sooth these remembrances by mutual kindness.

In a short time after this meeting, the Earl named the day which was to ensure Alan's happiness. The chapel of the priory was fixed on for the place of their union, and at the appointed hour the Abbot celebrated the nuptial rites. Mu-reddin was the same day received into the bosom of the church, and with the Earl, Alice and Gerald, made up the company, and the attendants. The lovely Zulima betrayed no reluctance, on giving her hand where her heart was already placed, and the enraptured Alan received it as the first and most valuable gift of Providence.

The holy rites accomplished, our hero led his beauteous consort back to the Castle, amidst the acclamations of a joyous multitude; yet mindful of the Earl's unhappy state, he would have no rude mirth insult a sorrow so just and so acute. The harps of the minstrels were silent, no noisy bursts of riotous festivity called
mimic

mimic Echo from her vaulted cell. But the happiness of Alan and Zulima needed not the factitious aids of blazentry. It was seated in their hearts, pure, serene, unclouded, not stormy or obtrusive.— True joy best speaks in silence, unlike its hollow counterfeit, which vaunting gladness deceives the misjudging many with false appearances. Joy sincere, vents itself not in words, but kindles in the harbinger of thought, the eye intelligent, heaves the pleased bosom, and deepens the tincture of the ruddy cheek to a more crimson hue.

But two morns had dawned since the commencement of our hero's felicity, when the Earl proposed a journey to Montmorency's cell. Alan, though reluctant to part from his loved Zulima, even for so short a time as this visit required, forgot not the claims of duty. He bade a lingering farewell to his beautiful bride, and charging Alice and Murreddin to amuse her concern for his absence,

fence, set off with the Earl for the habitation of Arnulf.

The third evening of their journey they reached the cell. Alan entered first, and Montmorency, uttering a cry of joy, fell on his neck. While they yet embraced, the Earl appeared——“My sire,” said Alan. Arnulf looked towards him. Fitz-Osborne rushed into his arms——“My friend! my brother!” were the only sounds articulated.——Montmorency at length drew back a little; he took the Earl’s hand in his——“Thou art changed,” said he, regarding him earnestly. “And trust me, so art thou too,” said Fitz-Osborne, pressing his hand. “These wore another colour when I saw them last,” added he, pointing to the white locks of Montmorency.

“Time—affliction,” replied the Baron, “but soft, let us wave remembrance for a while.” A tear started into the eye of Fitz-Osborne; he attempted to hide it, but nature mocked the effort, and

and it was followed by another. "Thou wast," said he again, "one whom I would have scorned this weakness to treat, didst thou ever before notice this womanish appearance in thy friend?" "I do," returned the old man, "and thou, who associated with others, but I have learned to restrain thyself, I have learned to look forward to that place, where grief shall be no more—Wouldst thou know my comforter—wouldst thou know him who has chased despair, and infused the last balm of hope into my wounded soul?—Behold him before thee!—See in that youth, the delegate of Heaven's wisdom; the monitor of the rash, the cheerer of the afflicted!—Glory in thy offspring: such pride is laudable."

Alan testified his gratitude for these praises, yet modestly rilled them partially. The Earl grasped Montmorency's hand—"Thou lovest my son!" said he in a tone of emotion. "Love him?" repeated the Baron; he stopped, it was

unnecessary to go on. That exclamation had spoken more forcibly than a thousand words.

The Earl again addressed his friend. "I was unkind to thee," said he. "Never!" replied Montmorency. The Earl would not allow this affirmation to be just; Montmorency still maintained it. This generous contention beguiled Fitz Osborne of his sorrow; he talked of their youthful days, of their mutual ardour in the field of honour; Arnulf enlarged on the topic, and both entered into an interesting recapitulation of former heroic deeds. Alan finding them thus engaged, passed out, unwilling to interrupt their discourse.

On entering the cell again, the Earl addressed him, in a voice which seemed to imply a doubt that what he was going to say, might inspire his auditor with more displeasure than content.

"My son," said he, "I have taken a resolution, which I fear thy mistaken

love will attempt to conquer.—Thou feed
my friend—I have resolved to spend in
his society the remnant of my care-
worn existence.—Seek not to dissuade me;
I am unfitted for the world, and its de-
lights; my sole wish, my sole consolati-
on, is the idea of quitting it for ever,
and fixing my abode in this cell. To
thee, I resign the possession of my es-
tates; thou art young, but thou art vi-
tuous, and wilt use thy prosperity with
moderation.”

“What, my father!” exclaimed Alan,
“so soon to lose thee? O Heaven! how
have I offended?—Tell me—I will fly to
expiate.”

“No, my child,” interrupted the Earl
tenderly, “thou hast no offence to ex-
piate; thou art all goodness, all duty.—
The resolution I now declare, is not
newly formed. From the first moment I
learned the certainty of Montmorency’s
existence, I determined to bear him
company, during the residue of my days

—For this I hastened thy marriage. Pardon me, my son; bear with the minority of my soul; thy happiness reminded me more forcibly of that bliss, of which my own blind folly had deprived me. A witness of thy felicity, it inspired me with more regret, than pleasure. I thought of the hours never to be recalled—O God, I thought of them, and almost envied thee!—Bale was the sensation, but I could not conquer it.—My son, the mutual endearments of thee and Zulima, tore my heart with pangs unutterable—“Such,” would I cry, “such was Matilda’s love—such my affection—O torture, it is past!” He paused, wiped away a trickling drop of sorrow, and resumed: “My son, I cannot reside in the Castle; it was once the seat of my happiness; every object within it is now a remembrancer of my woe. My presence would only serve to cloud thy joy.”

"O my father!" exclaimed Alan, in a mournful voice: "I know what thou wouldst say," he resumed, the Earl: "but I am already assured of thy affection—My son, I am also acquainted with my own heart: I am sensible that solitude is its only refuge—My purpose is fixed: I will inform King Edward of my intent, and will beseech him to make good the gift that I bequeath thee.—Yes, my son, bequeath, for I am dead to the world, and have forsaken it for ever."

Alan, unsatisfied by these words, fought with all the strength of argument to overcome the resolution of his sire. But he had the grief to find his entreaties ineffectual: the Earl still persisted, and our hero, after spending three days in vain attempts, returned to the Castle, overpowered with a regret which even the contemplation of Zulima could not banish.

Not yet devoid of hope, he visited the cell again shortly. Still were his dissua-

of

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sions:

Sons fruitless; the Earl even appeared enshrouded with the melancholy and sorceries of his situation. Alan procured a letter from the King, to second his own persuasions, and this was as unsuccessful as the rest. He at length yielded to an obstinacy he could not conquer. Time, which generally alleviates all human cares, weakened his regret. The encreasing tenderness of Zulima, the friendship of Muredin, and the attachment of Alice and of Geralt, gave him, if not the possession of perfect happiness, at least as much as mortality could experience. It was soon heightened by the birth of a lovely boy, the image of his mother's beauties. Scarce had he begun to taste the exquisite feelings of parental love, when the royal Edward returned from the Continent, covered with new renown.

All ranks of people hastened to the capital, to greet a sovereign so beloved, and so respected. Alan neglected not

to tender his duty; he would have taken Zulima with him; but that fair one, wholly given up to maternal cares, refused to quit her smiling charge for courtly pomp. Alan, less displeased at the refusal, than gratified by the motive, folded his lovely spouse in a tender embrace, pressed the velvet lips of his infant cherub, and departed, accompanied by Mureddin, Gerald, and a train of attendants.

The King testified much pleasure at the sight of his young friends. He congratulated him on the attainment of his hopes; and warm in the praises of Zulima, inquired with a condescending and minute solicitude into the conduct of his household, and estates, and finally besought him to accept a place of trust and profit in the government.

“Will my Sovereign,” replied the son of Fitz-Osborne, “pardon the indiscretion of his servant, if his answer should

should seem to insult this offered bounty by a denial?"

"Fear not," returned the generous monarch; "thy words may grieve, but they cannot offend me."

"Emboldened by this goodness," resumed Alan, "I will give the reins to my frugality. Heaven has blest me with many felicities: I am possessed of wealth sufficient for my wants, and my desires; my dependants serve me with a zealous love; I am united to the choicest of my soul, a spouse, gentle, affectionate, and beautiful; she has given me a precious pledge, the cement of our tenderness. Shall the phantom of ambition lure me from the possession of a certain happiness, to the pursuit of an imaginary good? No, my liege, I will dare to be happy, to prefer the calm and delightful sensations of private content, to the vain pomp, the fantastic, and mistaken pleasures of public life! I will confine my desires within the pale of that domestic circle which

which makes me felicitous. I am not agitated by intolerance, nor am I shall be ever ready for the service of any Prince, my sword to defend him, and to execute his will. Though dead to ambition, I will still live in honour, and to loyalty." To "I believe, then," replied the King, with an air of kindness. "Follow the path which thy discretion has chosen: wife is the choice, and worthy him who makes it."

This answer satisfied the heart of Alan, and his content was full. After spending a few days at court, he determined to return to the spot where all his wishes were centered and confined. Edward surprised him by a proposal of bearing him company to his mansion, unattended, and divested of the marks of royalty. Alan gave a grateful assent, and with him more they departed. Mureddin, who was not so averse to ambition as our hero, continued at court, by the desire of the King, who promised to give him an

employment suitabie to his rank, and his
return from this journey of friendship.

Edward would not suffer Alan to give
Zulima notice of her visitor, nor willing to
surprize her in the discharge of those ma-
ternal duties which she so well fulfilled.

Having left their steeds to the care of
some persons at a distance from the Castle,
our royal traveller and his companion en-
tered the Court, and penetrated to the
apartment of Zulima unperceived. Here
the King beheld a spectacle which
at once affected him, and proved the reso-
lution of the son of Fitz-Osborne to be just.

Alice sat on the ground, supporting
the smiling babe on her knees. The
blooming Zulima hung over them with
looks of cordial love; one snowy hand
twined within the chubby fingers of the
infant, the other extended to Alice, as
if to point out the opening ideas which
inventive affection fancied. Now would
the tender parent press the little charmer
to her breast, now throw him off again

with playful fondness; then would bid Alice mark the lucid sapphire of his eyes, the humid carnation of his lips, touch those lips softly with her own, and ask if those innocent orbs did not already sparkle with intelligence.

Alan regarded this scene with pleasure unutterable, and the feelings of the King fell not far short of his.

Zulima turned her head, sprang from the ground with the agility of the antelope, and cast herself into the arms of her husband. For some time engrossed by mutual endearments, Zulima perceived not the King, nor did Alan recollect his being present. At length he bethought him of his neglect, and advanced towards Edward, with Zulima in his hand. — That amiable Lady paid him the compliments of hospitality with a grace inimitable, and all her own. Edward answered with an air of mingled tenderness, respect, and affability. "Lady," said he, smiling, "my intrusion

intrusion merits not a reception so flattering, yet I cannot repent a rudeness which has given me a sight of nature in her most captivating dress.

Zulima answered this compliment with a modest, yet dignified sweetness. The monarch, more charmed than ever, turned to the son of Fitz-Osborne—"Thou art indeed happy," said he, in an emphatic accent.

Zulima stepped lightly across the apartment, and taking the infant in her arms again, approached the King.—"Thou must thank the condescension of our sovereign and thine," said she, smiling at her innocent burden. "My little Edward, own thy acknowledgments for his goodness."

"Edward!" repeated the King, "is that his appellation?" "Even so, my liege," answered Alan, "with thou pardon the presumption of his parents in giving him a name, the first in their estimation."

merion, and the most beloved amongst
men. This incident strongly affected Edward.
He bent over the child, touched his cheek
with his own, and taking a rich chain of
valuable pearls from his neck, threw it
over the alabaster shoulders of the young
Edward—"Thou art happy!" repeated
he to his friends, "thou art most happy,
and wife is thy determination!"
Zulima now prepared to entertain her
royal guest. The long silent miracle
again touched their harps, the festive
board once more smiled jocund, and the
vaulted hall rang with the praises of the
heroic Edward.—He continued in the
Castle two days, one of which had ex-
ceeded the measure of his purpose. The
third morning he took a reluctant leave
of his hosts, and was escorted back to
London by a troop of young nobles whom
he had ordered to attend him.
Scarcely had he returned to the capital,
when William, the son of the usurping
Walter

Walter (who had continued since his arrival in England at the Lord De Gray's in a despised obscurity), was accused by an associate, of conspiring against the state and person of the King. Edward, less inclined to suspicion than to justice, examined into the affair with a scrupulous impartiality. The event of his enquiry was causing William and his grandfather, the Lord De Gray, who was accused, to be taken into custody. The son of Walter (vicious enough to imagine mischief, but not possessed of boldness sufficient to execute his design, or wisdom to conceal it), soon divulged all the circumstances of his guilt, yet sought to exculpate himself by accusing his mother and the Lord De Gray as the prime instigators.

This confession, which well proved the meanness of his heart, served little to mitigate the anger of his judges. He, Lady Fitz-Osborne, and the Lord De Gray, were sentenced to die, and their

pos-

possessions, and caused to draw Edward's
 Letter to Alan, by the great notice of which
 every noble and knight, and with a
 general cry, repaired to himself interested
 for the pardon of the culprits. Two days
 and nights he wearied Edward with soli-
 citations, and that monarch, justly in-
 censed both by his particular injuries
 and the remembrance of those which the
 intercessor had suffered, still continued
 obdurate. At length our hero gained the Queen
 to his party, and their mutual supplica-
 tions prevailed. But life only could be
 obtained for the offenders; they were
 banished, and prohibited under pain of
 death from ever visiting England again.
 A bare competence to sustain nature,
 which the King allowed them out of their
 confiscated estates, was increased by the
 munificence of Alan to a considerable
 sum. In a few days after their banish-
 ment, Edward presented Muredin with
 the deeds of their estates, and willed him

to take the name of Fitz-Osborne. The
son of the Soldier, now wholly English,
restored the faded name of the younger
branch of that house to its pristine lustre.
His new acquired vassals, won by his af-
fable demeanour, blessed Heaven for hav-
ing deprived them of their former mas-
ters, and forgiving them, and so worthy
as their present Lord.

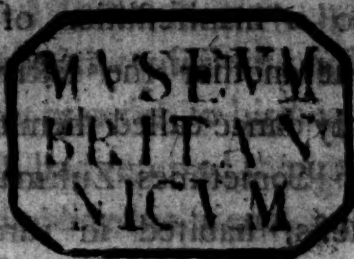
The King, well acquainted with the
disinterested spirit of Alan, was sensible
that the benefits conferred on Mured-
din went more grateful to his heart, than if
he himself had received them; solicitous
at once to oblige his friend, and to serve
the new Fitz-Osborne, he determined to
provide him with a spouse, who should
attract his love by her virtues, and en-
crease his fortune by her wealth. The
sister of Lord Pembroke, newly intro-
duced at court, became the lady of his
election. Fortunately the inclinations of
Muredin corresponded with his views;
nor was the lady averse; their nuptials
were

37
were solemnized at the Castle of Fines
Ostrove. Lord Pembroke and his Coun-
tess (dame the excellent Blanche) with
many other noble persons, attended the
celebration.

Several days did the festivals continue;
Zulima mistress of the sports, amidst
the entertainment of her guests, with all
the mischievous devices of her wit and merriment.
One time a gay tournament invited the
Knights to a manifestation of martial
prowess; at another the festive board,
and sprightly dance called them to a softer
relaxation. Sometimes Zulima and her
female guests, habited in rural attire,
would pace the velvet lawn in elegant
rusticity, while Alan and the young
nobles appeared as attendant swains.

At length this gay company departed
from the Castle, and retired to their res-
pective habitations. The rejoicings ceas-
ed, but neither apathy or lassitude suc-
ceeded. Alan and Zulima depended not
on foreign aids for pleasure. Loving and
beloved;

beloved;—dispensing the blessings of
 others which they felt themselves
 happy in the increasing beauties, and
 infantine endearments of the young
 ward, adored by their dependants, supe-
 rior to envy, and worthy of universal ad-
 miration; the lively colour of their hours
 received no shade, but from that melting
 sensibility, which regards the woes of
 others as its own.



F I N I S

THE

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME

Page	Line		
7,	5,	(Dedication) for "I will take a folio- ..."	101
14,	14,	(Dedication) for <i>Poems</i> , read <i>Poems</i>	101
9,	10,	(Preface) for <i>God Hand</i> , and <i>Old Hand</i> .	101
13,	21,	for <i>praise</i> , read <i>praise</i>	101
69,	18,	for <i>the world</i> , read <i>the world</i>	101
103,	21,	for <i>the world</i> , read <i>the world</i>	101
108,	7,	for <i>the world</i> , read <i>the world</i>	101
117,	9,	for <i>the world</i> , read <i>the world</i>	101
144,	10,	for <i>the world</i> , read <i>the world</i>	101
152,	22,	for <i>supported her</i> , read <i>supported by her</i> .	101
161,	16,	for <i>Alas</i> , read <i>Alas</i>	101
219,	20,	for <i>violent</i> , read <i>vehement</i>	101
255,	1,	for <i>starled</i> , read <i>stared</i>	101
For	the	Grace the Duckets, read <i>the</i>	101
		Grace the Ducks.	101

H. N. R. A. T. A.

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

- Page Line
- 111, 8, for *existed*, read *existed*.
- 126, 4, for *grivance*, read *grievance*.
- 129, 10, for *lament*, read *lament*.
- 139, 11, for *excited his soul to distress*, read *excited his distress*.
- 145, 19, for *deduce*, read *dedicate*.
- 159, 1, for *and he knew not*, read *he knew not*.
- 162, 23, for *confider*, read *considered*.
- 178, 7, for *enervate*, read *enervated*.
- 239, 14, 15, for *presumptious*, read *presumptuous*.
- 305, 2, for *the prophet*, read *the beloved of the prophet*.
- 323, 18, for *brought on board*, read *stranged on board*.
- 341, 1, for *pangs*, read *fangs*.
- 372, 16, for *run*, read *crow*.

